

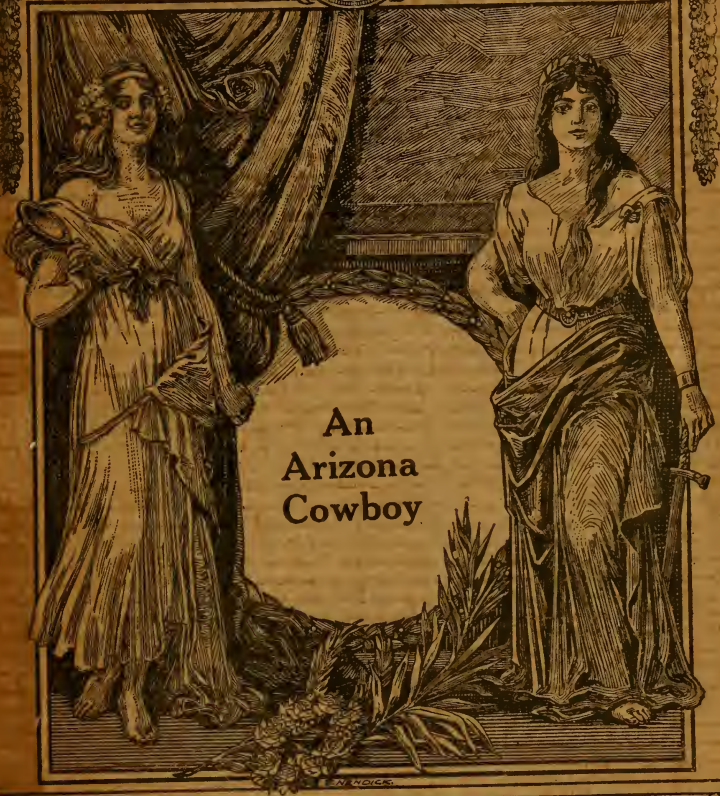
ALTA

PRICE 25 CENTS



SERIES

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED



An
Arizona
Cowboy

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

**Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
Price 15c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given**

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8	8
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	15	
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	1	9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	10
American Hustler, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	4
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	9	7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	14
Bank Cashier, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	4
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 h. (25c)	9	3
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17	
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	4
Burns Rebellion, 1 hr. (25c)	8	5
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7	4
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	5
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	9	8
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	7	4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	4
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5	5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6	4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8	4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. (25c)	10	
Enchanted Wood, 1¼ h. (35c). Optnl.		
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7	6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. (25c)	9	14
Heiress of Hoetown, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	4
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	3	5
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	12	
Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	13	4
Indian Days, 1 hr. (50c)	5	2
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	4
Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5	4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14	17
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	10	9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	13
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	4	5
Lexington, 4 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	9	4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr. (25c)	13	
Man from Borneo, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5	2
Mirandy's Minstrels. (25c)	Optnl.	
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	4	7
New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr.	3	6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	12	9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10	4
Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4
Parlor Matches, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	4	5
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h. (25c)	7	4
Rummage Sale, 50 min.	4	10
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	10	12
Savageland, 2 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5	5
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¼ hrs.	6	5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	6	6
Sowing for the Heathen, 40 min.	9	
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h. (25c)	6	5
Teacher, Kin I Go Home? 2 scenes, 35 min.	7	3
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6	4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	9	16
Tom, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Town Marshal, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	3
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	18
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8	3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5	3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

AN ARIZONA COWBOY

A Comedy Drama of the Great Southwest

IN FOUR ACTS

BY

SHELDON PARMER

AUTHOR OF

"Lighthouse Nan" and "Safety First."



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

PS 635
79 P 287

AN ARIZONA COWBOY

FARLEY GANTT *The Cowboy Sheriff*
 PAUL QUILLIAN *His Partner*
 DUKE BLACKSHEAR *A Stranger from Frisco*
 HEZEKIAH BUGG *A Glorious Liar*
 YOW KEE *A Heathen Chineese*
 BIG ELK *A Navajo Chief*
 GRIZZLY GRIMM *A Cattle Thief*
 MARGUERITE MOORE *The Pretty Ranch Owner*
 MRS. PETUNIA BUGG *From Old Indianny*
 CORALIE BLACKSHEAR *Duke's Sister*
 FAWN AFRAID *An Indian Maid*
 YOUNG'UN *Not Much of Anybody*

COWBOYS.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Exterior of the Palace Hotel, Purple Dog, Arizona. A morning in October. The Partners.

ACT II. Same scene, afternoon of the same day. The Sheriff does his duty.

ACT III. Same as Acts I and II. The abduction of Marguerite.

ACT IV. A Cave in the Mountains. The Sacrifice of the Indian Maid.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two and One-Quarter Hours.*

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers. Moving picture rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY T. S. DENISON & COMPANY.

JUL 15 1918² ©CLD 49970

TMP96-006760 no 1

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Farley Gantt, the cowboy Sheriff, is a courageous cattle puncher in Arizona who has made himself so popular with his fellow cowboys that they elected him Sheriff. While the Sheriff has been rounding up a bunch of cattle thieves in the plains, his partner, Paul Quillian, has become infatuated with Coralie Blackshear, a stranger from Frisco. Under the evil influence of Coralie and her brother, Duke Blackshear, a polished gambler and cattle rustler, Paul begins to drink and gamble and finally loses his position as paymaster of the Double Z ranch.

The scene of the play is at Purple Dog, Ariz., a cross-roads village boasting several houses and a Palace Hotel. The Double Z ranch is owned by a college girl, Miss Marguerite Moore, who has a great admiration for the cowboy Sheriff. Farley returns this admiration tenfold, but the course of true love is roughened by the crooked tongue of a Navajo Indian maiden, Fawn Afraid, who is in love with the Sheriff. Farley returns from the plains and learns that Paul has lost his position. He decides to save the boy if possible, and in a strong, dramatic scene with his partner appeals to his better nature to give up the course he is pursuing and go with him out on the range.

Paul refuses, being completely under the influence of Coralie and her brother, who plan to have him reinstated as paymaster of the ranch and then to steal the cowboys' pay and make a getaway to Frisco. This plan seems about to work when Yow Kee, a Chinaman employed at the Palace Hotel, overhears the scheme and informs the cowboy Sheriff. Marguerite refuses to re-employ Paul and hires Hezekiah Bugg as paymaster. Coralie and Duke, realizing that their former scheme is impossible, decide to steal the money from Bugg, which they do after wounding him. A little waif, known as Young'un, sees Coralie stab Hezekiah, and when Paul's infatuation for the woman leads him to assume her guilt, Young'un tells the truth and dramatically reveals the stolen money.

Two months pass and the love affair between the Sheriff and the pretty ranch owner is finally straightened out by the Indian maid, who bravely confesses that she lied for love of the Sheriff. Duke and his lieutenant, one Grizzly Grimm, have found an almost inaccessible cave in the buttes known as the Black Hole. They decide to kidnap Marguerite and hold her in this cave until a ransom is paid. The plan succeeds, but she is rescued by Farley and Big Elk, the Navajo chief.

A strong feature of this play is the abundance of bristling, clean-cut and breezy western comedy that eliminates all possibilities of there being any dull or dead moments. A mischievous little cow-girl, a bossy old woman, a funny Chinaman always in trouble and always looking for more, and Hezekiah Bugg, the biggest liar in the State of Arizony, will keep the audience in continual good humor.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—Outside the Palace Hotel, Purple Dog, Arizona. The cowboys pitch horseshoes. Hezekiah Bugg, the champion liar of the State of Arizony, tells about the cyclone of '89 that melted the locomotive. Yow Kee, the heathen Chinee, appears. Hezekiah's wife routs the cowboys. Marguerite Moore, the pretty ranch owner, defends Arizona. "For clear-eyed, true-hearted honesty and courage, I'll back the boys of old Arizona against the world." The Navajo Chief resents an insult. The Cowboy Sheriff appears. "Drop it, stranger, drop it. If there's any shootin' to be did, I reckon the Sheriff gits first shot!" Farley Gantt, the Sheriff, tells the dramatic story of his fight for life in Alaska and his love for his partner, Paul Quillian. Yow Kee takes the seidlitz powders one at a time. "Allee samee fizee like a firecracker!" The partners quarrel. The old, old story of the spider and the fly. "He's my partner and I'll watch over him!"

ACT II—The same scene. Hezekiah does the family washing and spins his wonderful yarns about the days of

'89. Young'un, the waif from the poor-house, meets Paul and gives him some good advice. "If I was you, I'd jest buckle down and win, by heck!" Young'un bluffs the villains. Fawn Afraid, the Indian maiden, visits the village. The Sheriff tells Marguerite of his love. The crooked tongue of the Navajo maid. Duke Blackshear, and his sister, Coralie, plot mischief, but Yow Kee is under the table. Hezekiah made the new paymaster. "I ain't had so much money since '89." Paul and Coralie. The temptress. "One thrust and the money is ours!" The crime. "This is the hardest job I've ever had to do in my life. I've got to arrest my partner!" Young'un exposes Coralie and saves Paul.

ACT III—The same scene, two months later. Young'un has blossomed into a young lady, Miss Kittie Jones. Marguerite tells her the beautiful allegory of the ladder of love. Paul becomes interested in Kittie. "Two is company and three is a whole army." Hezekiah comes in too soon. "It sounded like our old heifer pullin' her foot kersmack out'n the mud." "I ain't been so shocked since I was kissed by the Queen of Egypt in '89." Fawn Afraid makes a confession to Marguerite. The Sheriff and the lady. A glimpse of Paradise. The Chinaman turns the tables on Grizzly Grimm. "Hands up, or me blow gizzard all fullee lat-holes!" The abduction of Marguerite. Big Elk and the Sheriff take the trail.

ACT IV—The Black Hole in the Buttes. Marguerite, the prisoner of Duke Blackshear and Grizzly Grimm. "Back, you hound, or I will kill you!" The fidelity of the little Indian girl. An unequal fight. "She's a traitor, and must die a traitor's death!" A sudden interruption. Arrested by the Sheriff in the name of the State of Arizona. "They might hang me, but I'll kill you first, Farley Gantt!" Little Fawn Afraid saves Farley's life at the loss of her own. "The light has gone out of Fawn's eyes, so the light of the sun has gone out for Big Elk." The bravest little girl in Arizona. "The light is beginning to shine on a new day, the light of love!"

COSTUMES.

FARLEY GANTT—Aged 26. Fur chaps, spurs, blue shirt, cowboy hat, gauntlets, knife, revolver and rifle. An uneducated son of the soil, but one of nature's noblemen, fearless, brave and manly, but showing the true hero's tenderness toward the ones he loves, Paul and Marguerite. A strong, dramatic leading role.

PAUL QUILLIAN—Aged 20. Boots, woolen shirt, cowboy hat. Knife in belt. Face very pale in Acts I and II. Also in these acts he moves listlessly with a "down and out" air. Complete change to manly youth in Acts III and IV with good healthy make-up.

DUKE BLACKSHEAR—Aged 30. Dark hair and small black mustache. A cool, calculating, keen villain, well educated, with suave manners and a ready, treacherous smile. Leather puttees. Riding suit and derby hat in Acts I and II. Cowboy suit in Acts III and IV.

HEZEKIAH BUGG—Talkative, boasting old man of 55. Small of stature. Rough yellow or gray wig and whiskers. Old boots. Very old and patched overalls. Gingham shirt. Home-made suspenders. Tattered old felt hat, something like a clown's cap. Corn-cob pipe. A great comedy part. Line the face with gray and redden the nose.

YOW KEE—A small, active Chinaman. Slanting eyebrows. Home-made wig of close fitting skull cap all over head and long pig-tail of black horse-hair and thread. Paint face and skull cap with yellow grease paint, then use powder on it. Assume a sly, innocent expression. White socks, black cloth, rubber soled shoes, loose baggy trousers of blue. White pajama coat. Yellow grease paint on hands.

BIG ELK—A very tall, dignified man of 50. Black Indian wig in two braids on either side of face. Red feather at back of head. Full Indian costume, blanket and moccasins. Powerful build. Quick, panther-like movements. Make-up with reddish tan grease paint.

GRIZZLY. A burly cowboy make-up. Red flannel shirt, leather chaps. Sombrero. A typical bad man of the west-

ern camps. May wear red wig, whiskers, mustache and eyebrows. Speak with hoarse, throaty voice. A natural bully.

MARGUERITE—A well-educated, self-possessed girl of 20. Riding costume and sombrero in Acts I and II. Pretty dress in Acts III and IV.

MRS. BUGG—Big, commanding woman of 45. Hair powdered and in knob at back of head. Calico dress and soiled apron. Sun-bonnet, preferably black. Change costume in Act III.

CORALIE—A brunette of 25. Trailing red dress, hat and parasol.

FAWN—An Indian maiden of 19. Indian costume and make-up. Feather in hair.

YOUNG'UN—Aged 16. Wig of long yellow curls. Short tattered dress and old shoes in Acts I and II. Pretty ingenue dress in Act III.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Porch built of scantlings and painted brown.

Two natural trees to be nailed to stage.

Grass mats (may be borrowed from a photograph gallery).

Small, rough table.

Two benches.

Tree stump (made of a keg, painted to represent tree).

Several horseshoes.

Revolvers for Grizzly, Duke, Farley.

Tray with bottles and glasses for Yow Kee.

Broom for Mrs. Bugg.

Basket containing bottle similar to the other one, for Young'un.

Slap-stick under the table. Get two flour barrel staves, place them together, then between them at the upper end nail a piece of wood an inch thick and a foot in length.

Rifles for Farley and Bugg.

Corn-cob pipe for Bugg.

Glass of water, spoon and two powders in paper for Young'un.

ACT II.

Washtub, wringer and garments for Bugg.

Fan for Young'un.

Hen (alive) for Yow Kee.

Tobacco for Duke.

Knives for Duke, Fawn and Paul.

Package of stage money for Bugg.

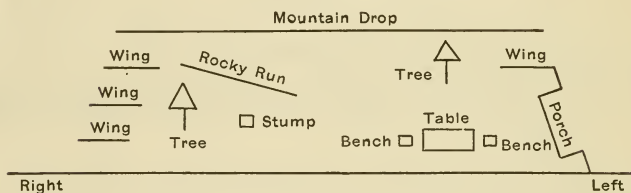
ACT III.

Tray of dishes for Yow Kee. Use broken china as it is to be dropped.

Shawl for Grizzly.

SCENE PLOT.

ACTS I—II—III.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

AN ARIZONA COWBOY

ACT I.

SCENE: *Exterior of the Palace Hotel, Purple Dog, Ariz. Mountains or woods for back drop. A rocky run appears at R. four feet high at entrance and descending to floor at C. near front. Rough porch built of scantlings and painted brown appears down L., with practical door. A sign on the porch reading, "Palace Hotel." Natural tree growing down R., smaller tree up L. Grass mats around stage. Small table with two benches in front of the hotel. Stump down R. Natural boughs may be attached to side scenes and overhang the stage.*

At rise of the curtain HEZEKIAH BUGG, GRIZZLY GRIMM and four or five COWBOYS are discovered at rear R. pitching horseshoes off stage to rear L.

GRIZZLY GRIMM (*pitches horseshoe*). Whoopee! Look at that: Ringer, by the great horn spoon.

HEZEKIAH BUGG. Humph! That ain't nothin'. Watch yer daddy pitch. (*Pitches horseshoe*). Right over the peg, by heck!

GRIZZLY (*sarcastically*). Yep, about four foot over.

BUGG. I beat him, I beat him! Didn't I, boys? (*Exit rear L.*)

GRIZZLY. Beat me? *Me!* There ain't no Bugg in the State o' Arizony kin beat me pitchin' ringers. (*Exit rear L. followed by all.*)

BUGG (*outside rear L.*). Lookee here! That's mine! I beat ye!

GRIZZLY (*outside L.*). 'Tain't yourn, it's mine. That war mine, waren't it, men?

Enter GRIZZLY from rear L. carrying horseshoe, followed by BUGG and COWBOYS.

BUGG. I should say not. Most emphatically I should articulate.

GRIZZLY (*his face close to BUGG's, speaks loudly*). Shet up!

BUGG (*meekly*). I'm shet!

GRIZZLY. Now ain't I the champeen?

BUGG. No, you hain't. That there ringer was mine, wasn't it, boys?

COWBOYS. Sure it was. It belonged to Bugg.

GRIZZLY (*drops horseshoe, draws gun, sticks it under BUGG's nose*). It was, hey? (*Pause.*) Was it?

BUGG (*wilts*). No, I don't reckon it was.

GRIZZLY (*swaggers down to table, sits*). I reckon we'll liquor on you, Hezekiah Bugg. Call the heathen.

BUGG. But I ain't got no cash.

GRIZZLY (*points revolver at him, yells*). Call the heathen!

BUGG. Heathen, heathen, where are you?

GRIZZLY. Louder!

BUGG. Louder it is. (*Louder.*) Heathen, where are you? (*Bangs on table.*)

(*All surround table.*)

GRIZZLY. Now, I reckon I'm the champeen! Ain't I, Bugg?

BUGG. You be.

Enter YOW KEE from house L.

YOW KEE. You callee Yow Kee?

BUGG. Yes, you yaller-faced chink, I callee Yow Kee. Bring the pizen.

YOW KEE. Allee samee quick. Yes, sir; me blingee pizen. (*Exit L.*)

BUGG. I ain't been beat throwin' horseshoes since the big blizzard in '89.

GRIZZLY. Wa'al, yer beat now.

BUGG. That was the biggest blizzard ever seen in these parts. It was full of lightning, too. Big ball of fire struck agin a railroad locomotive and knocked it six miles up in the air. Melted it, too, and it dropped back on the track and run right inter the round house in a melted stream. They had ter pack it in ice so as to freeze it inter shape agin. That was in '89.

GRIZZLY. Hezekiah Bugg, I reckon yer the biggest liar in the State er Arizony.

BUGG. It's true, boys; true as preachin'. We had big times in the summer of '89.

Enter YOW KEE from house with tray containing glasses and bottle of liquor. He puts tray on table.

YOW KEE. All light, me come. Allee same bug-juice. Heap good. Make um sing, make um dance. Heap dance. (*Dances.*) All light.

MRS. BUGG (*off stage at rear R.*). Hezekiah! (*Loudly.*) Hezekiah Bugg!

BUGG (*frightened*). It's my wife. I gotta go. (*Starts to L.*)

MRS. B. (*outside*). Don't you worry! I'll find him.

BUGG. Hide me, boys; hide me!

The COWBOYS stand in front of him as he crouches at L. MRS. BUGG appears on run at R. with broom.

MRS. B. Oh, looks like yer havin' a little party. (*Comes down run to C.*) Where's that husband o' mine?

GRIZZLY. He hain't hyar, Mis' Bugg!

MRS. B. Don't you lie to me, Grizzly Grimm. (*Grabs his arm and pushes him to R., exposing BUGG.*) Oh, there you are!

BUGG. Yes, honey, here I am. I was just hidin' to scare you.

MRS. B. I'll scare you! (*Takes him by the ear.*) You come with me! There's the cow to be milked, and the wood to saw, and the saddle to mend, and the 'taters to be pared, and the dinner dishes to be washed, and you a settin' down hyar doin' nothin'.

BUGG. Now Petunia—

MRS. B. Don't you Petunia me! You old ant-eater. (*GRIZZLY and COWBOYS laugh loudly. MRS. B. turns on them fiercely.*) And the rest of you ain't no better. I've a good mind to—(*starts toward GRIZZLY with broom up-raised*).

GRIZZLY (*retreats to R.*). Help, help!

MRS. B. Laugh at me, will you? (*Hits him over shoul-*

ders with flat end of the broom.) I'll show ye. (*Drives him up run at R. and out R.*)

BUGG. Good-night! (*Exits L.*)

YOW KEE (*at C.*). Lady allee samee heap much fire and brimstone.

COWBOYS (*laugh loudly*).

MRS. B. (*turns on them fiercely*). Git out'n my way, y' pack of laughin' hyenas. (*Charges among the COWBOYS, striking R. and L. They rush out pell-mell at the different entrances.*) I'll show ye, I'll show ye! (*Comes to Yow KEE.*) Where's Bugg?

YOW KEE. Bugee makee gitaway. Allee samee hop, skip, jump. Good-bye, Bugg!

MRS. B. Where did he go?

YOW KEE (*runs to door L.*). He go straight up, allee saimee like airship. (*Laughs and exits in house at L.*)

Enter MARGUERITE MOORE down run at R.

MARGUERITE MOORE. Good afternoon, Mrs. Bugg.

MRS. B. (*at L. C.*). Why, honey, is it you? I declare you're a sight fer sore eyes. I ain't seen you fer a week. Set down and talk a spell.

MARGUERITE. Thank you. (*Sits at R.*) And how have you been, Mrs. Bugg?

MRS. B. Porely, porely. This here livin' in Arizony don't agree with me nohow. I was born and bred in old Indianny and I'm plum homesick for the old state. Gal, that's God's country. Up thar they don't ever see a cowboy er a Greaser er a Injun from year's end to year's end. I certainly do wish I was back in old Indianny. (*Seated at L.*)

MARGUERITE. Arizona is wild and rough, Mrs. Bugg, but I love it. The dry, bracing air, the mountains and valleys, the wild flowers and ferns are dearer to me than the sights of the cities in the East. The men are rough, many of them, but some are nature's noblemen, and for clear-eyed, true-hearted honesty and courage I'll back the boys of old Arizona against the world.

MRS. B. Now you're thinkin' of the cowboy Sheriff, Farley Gantt. Ain't you, Marguerite?

MARGUERITE (*embarrassed, turns away, looks down*). Why, Mrs. Bugg!

MRS. B. Oh, I guess I've noticed a thing er two and I certainly wish you well, honey, fer there ain't a better man in Arizony. And I hear he's comin' to town today.

MARGUERITE. Yes, I believe he is.

MRS. B. *Believe* he is? I reckon you know he is. And it's high time he *was* showing up. That partner of his is jest about going to the dogs. The young scallywag, he ought to have better sense.

MARGUERITE. Paul is only a boy, Mrs. Bugg, with all a boy's weakness.

MRS. B. I guess all men was boys once on a time, but that ain't no sign he's got to go gallyvantin' round with that stuck-up city gal, Coralie Blackshear. She and her brother, humph, a pretty pair! I mean to keep my eyes on the both of 'em. I believe he's connected with these here cattle rustlers we hear so much about.

MARGUERITE. Why, Mrs. Bugg!

MRS. B. I do. He's been hyar about two months and there's been more cattle stole in that time than fer years before. And he drinks and gambles, and now young Paul Quillian is jest as bad. I can't blame you fer discharging him from the Double Z ranch. Pretty paymaster, he was, runnin' around with that Coralie Blackshear and spendin' his money and drinkin' and gamblin' and losin' what little he had got. Humph, I ain't got no patience with any man that ever lived. They're all alike.

MARGUERITE. Farley will take charge of Paul just as soon as he comes back, but I couldn't keep him in my employ any longer.

MRS. B. It's funny how a big strong man like Farley Gantt takes such a shine to that weak young simpleton.

MARGUERITE. They are partners, Mrs. Bugg. You know they were up in Alaska together.

MRS. B. I heerd so.

MARGUERITE. Paul saved Farley's life at the risk of his own.

MRS. B. Don't seem like he's got strength enough to save the life of a full grown Indianny mosquito.

MARGUERITE. Farley has never seen the Blackshears. He doesn't know that Paul has come under their evil influence.

MRS. B. Then the sooner he finds it out the better. This here town of Purple Dog ain't no paradise on earth, but mark my words, honey, it'll be a heap sight cleaner and purer if Farley Gantt does his duty and sends Duke Blackshear and his precious sister back to where they come from.

Enter YOUNG'UN on run at R. She runs down to C.

YOUNG'UN. Oh, good morning, Miss Marguerite. Gee golly, you sure are lookin' scrumptious. That's the purtiest dress I ever seen in Purple Dog. How much did it cost?

MRS. B. Young'un, I'm surprised. Ain't you got a mite of sense?

YOUNG'UN. No'm, I don't reckon I have.

MRS. B. Did you git them things I sent you after?

YOUNG'UN. Yes'm, all 'cept the sassafras. Bowser said he didn't have no sassafras.

MRS. B. Did you git the furniture polish?

YOUNG'UN. Yes'm. He jest got it in from Phoenix.

MRS. B. (*to MARGUERITE*). I'm aimin' to start house cleanin' today.

MARGUERITE (*rises*). You must come out to the ranch some afternoon, Mrs. Bugg, and take supper with us.

MRS. B. (*rises*). I'd like to, honey, I'd like to mightily, but if you was tied to a husband like my Hezekiah Bugg you'd never be able to leave your house fer a minute at a time. There jest ain't no tellin' what that man'll do next.

MARGUERITE (*starts up run*). Good-bye.

MRS. B. Good-bye, honey. Come and see me.

MARGUERITE. I will. Good-bye, Young'un.

YOUNG'UN. Shake a bye-bye, Miss Marguerite. You shore do look pretty today.

MARGUERITE. You're a little flatterer. (*Laughs and exits R. up run.*)

YOUNG'UN. What did she call me? A little flattener? I guess I ain't no flattener'n she is. (*Sees bottle on table.*) Oh, golly, Mis' Bugg, lookee here. (*Takes up bottle.*)

MRS. B. (*scandalized*). You put that right down! Ain't you 'shamed of yourself? I never see the beat of you in all my born days, not even in old Indianny. Come right along home with me now, 'cause goodness knows there's enough things to be did to keep us busy till doomsday. (*Severely.*) Put that bottle of liquor down and come home!

YOUNG'UN. Yes'm, Mis' Bugg, I'm jes' a smellin' it.

MRS. B. Smellin' it? I never heerd the like. Put it down!

YOUNG'UN. Yes'm, it's done down. Got a funny kind o' smell, though.

MRS. B. Come along. You'll be wantin' to taste it next. (*Exit R. up run.*)

YOUNG'UN. Yes'm. I wonder what it *does* taste like. (*Takes bottle of furniture polish from basket and puts it on table.*) Furniture polish, you set there! (*Puts bottle of liquor in basket.*) Liquor, you set there! Now when old Hezekiah Bugg takes a drink from that bottle of furniture polish I'll bet it'll polish him all up inside, and I'll bet he needs it.

Enter Yow KEE from house.

YOW KEE. Here, here, what you do with bottle. (*Takes up bottle of polish.*) No goodee for little gals, good for old man, good for John Chinaman, yes—but no good for little gal. (*Puts it back on table.*)

YOUNG'UN. I'll bet a cookie that whoever drinks that'll think it's good. Say, Yow Kee, why don't you get a haircut?

YOW KEE. Go 'long, little gal, go 'long. Heap too muchee chin-chin. (*Sits at L.*)

YOUNG'UN (*comes behind him*). All right, John, I'm agoin'.

YOW KEE (*sleepily*). Allee samee too much talk. Yow Kee sleepee! (*Yawns.*) Workee all night long, no getee sleep. (*Nods as if going to sleep.*) Cowboys see me, shootee me heap sky-high. All light. (*Sleeps.*)

YOUNG'UN (*ties his queue to back of chair*). All light, John. Now you habee heap much fun. (*Takes slap stick from under table, hits him across knee with it, yelling at the same time.*) Whoopee! Whoopee! (*Runs up run and exits R.*)

YOW KEE (*jumps up with a yell, starts after her, his queue drags the chair*). Ow, ow! Somebody pullee my hair. (*Unties queue.*) Allee time makee fun poor Yow Kee. (*Crying.*) Shootee gun, pullee hair, give him kickee in slats! Allee time makee fun poor Chinee.

BUGG sticks his head out of door L.

BUGG. Coast clear, Yow Kee?

YOW KEE. Allee samee clear. Old Lady Bugg gone.

Enter BUGG from house. He comes to table.

BUGG. That was a narrow escape. I thought she was comin' in after me sure. Go and tell the boys that she's gone. (*YOW KEE goes to rear and motions to L. and R.*)

Enter COWBOYS.

YOW KEE. Old Lady Bugg allee samee gone.

BUGG. Set down, boys. I want ye to understand my position. I ain't a skeerd of the old lady, only I don't like to make her nervous.

YOW KEE (*standing at L.*). Mister Bugg allee samee heap big coward.

BUGG. What's that? Me a coward? Me, Hezekiah Bugg, called a coward? Why, boys, that's preposterous. In '89 I was called a hero. Yes, sir, down in Cuby in '89 I had a horse shot out from under me four times, and Roosyfelt himself rid up to me and says, "Corporal Bugg, I've seen fighters in my time, fighters of the most rip-rarin', hair-raisin' type, but fer real dog-goned hard fightin' you're the fightinest fighter I ever see fit." That was in '89.

Enter GRIZZLY from R. down run.

GRIZZLY. Old Hezekiah is tellin' some more lies about '89, I reckon. Accordin' to him the hull world's history happened in '89, and he was the hero of it all. Say, you

ain't none of you seen my dog, have you? I lost him this morning.

YOW KEE. Me no see him. Maybe if I do him allee samee make good chop suey.

BUGG. Speakin' of dogs, I used to have a Irish setter in '89 named Fido. That dog was wuth six or seven hundred dollars, if he was wuth a cent. And *hunt!* All I had to do was to unloose him in the mornin', and afore night he'd be back draggin' a string of fifteen er twenty quail behind him. And once in a while seven er eight rabbits er a wild turkey. That was in '89.

YOW KEE. Allee time '89.

GRIZZLY (*at R.*). They tell me Farley Gantt's comin' ter town today.

BUGG (*rises*). He is? Then I wanter ride up the road and meet him. I tell yer men, Farley Gantt's the best cowboy and the best Sheriff and the best horseman in the State o' Arizony. I used to be just like him myself in '89.

GRIZZLY. Yes, jest about sech a big bag o' wind as Farley Gantt is.

BUGG. You dassent say that to his face, Grizzly Grimm.

GRIZZLY. I dassent, hey? Well, you let Farley Gantt git gay with me, er with my boss, Mr. Blackshear, and there's goin' ter be a missin' cowboy Sheriff around this corral, believe me!

BUGG. Come on, boys. Let's jump on the hosses and hit the trail towards Phoenix. Maybe we'll be meetin' him. (*Exit up R. followed by COWBOYS giving characteristic yell of Whoop-eee!*)

GRIZZLY. Chink, you seen anything of my boss, Mr. Blackshear, this morning?

YOW KEE. Him allee samee play poker there. (*Points to L.*) Win all the money from boy, Paul Quillian. Him allee samee big gambler crook.

GRIZZLY (*goes after him*). What's that?

YOW KEE (*running around table*). I say him allee samee likee good cook. (*Looks L.*) Here he comes now.

Enter DUKE BLACKSHEAR from house L. He takes L. C.

DUKE BLACKSHEAR. Grizzly, who is this Farley Gantt I hear so much talk about? That Quillian kid can't talk about anything else. He thinks he's a greater man than the president of the United States.

GRIZZLY. He's a cowboy. The Injuns call him the White Lion. He used to be the foreman of the Crooked Circle Ranch, but the boys elected him Sheriff at the last election.

DUKE. Where is he? I haven't seen him yet.

GRIZZLY. He's been down in the plains country for three months.

DUKE (*starts*). Roundin' up the rustlers, eh?

GRIZZLY. Some day I'm going to get him, if I got to shoot him in the back. He's only been Sheriff fer six months and he's had me in the cooler twice already.

DUKE. Well, why don't you plug him?

GRIZZLY. I got a score to settle with Mr. Farley Gantt and jest as soon as I git a good chance, well he won't round up no more rustlers.

DUKE. Why not do it today? The town is full of cowboys from the different outfits. Tonight they'll be half drunk and that'll be our chance. I'll meet this Mr. Farley Gantt, pick a quarrel with him, get the drop on him, and shoot him in his tracks.

BIG ELK *has entered unobserved during this speech, coming down the run at R. At close of the speech he confronts DUKE at C.*

BIG ELK (*with arms folded majestically, head held high*). Big Elk says no!

DUKE (*recoils to L., hand on revolver*). What!

BIG ELK. Navajo chief says you no kill White Lion.

DUKE. So you've been eavesdropping, have you? Well, you heard what I said, and what I said—I'll do. Who's going to stop me?

BIG ELK. Me! I stop you. White Lion my friend. For him I would kill.

GRIZZLY (*at R.*). Kill, hey? You're pretty thick with him, ain't you?

BIG ELK (*turns to him*). White Lion my friend, White Lion my brother.

GRIZZLY. And yet you allow him to make a plaything of your daughter.

BIG ELK. Navajo chief wastes no words with a liar.

GRIZZLY. It ain't a lie, it's the truth. Everybody knows it but you. She follows him everywhere, on the range, to the ranches, even into town.

BIG ELK. Crooked tongue, you lie. (*Strikes him across face with palm. GRIZZLY draws revolver, BIG ELK forces his arm up, they glare at each other, GRIZZLY drops revolver to floor.*)

DUKE (*at L.*). Stop, you Navajo dog. I'll shoot you where you stand. (*Points revolver at BIG ELK. YOW KEE crawls under the table.*)

BIG ELK (*folds arms and faces him*). A coyote never shoots in face. Always shoots in back.

DUKE (*furiously*). So? I'll show you! I'll kill you. Who'll prevent it?

Enter FARLEY GANTT, runs down run from R. Covers DUKE with rifle.

FARLEY GANTT. I will! Drop it, stranger, drop it! (*DUKE lowers arm.*) If there's any shootin' to be did around hyar, I reckon the Sheriff is entitled to the first shot. Everybody put up your shootin' iron. You hyar me? Put 'em up. (*BUGG comes down run.*)

YOW KEE. Allee safe now. Sheriff's come. (*Crawls from under table, stands at L. near door of house.*)

DUKE (*at L. C.*). That Injun hit Grizzly in the face.

FARLEY (*at C.*). I reckon Grizzly Grimm's big enough to fight his own battles.

BIG ELK (*at R. C.*). Grizzly Grimm speak with crooked tongue. He lied. He spoke of you, White Lion. He say you make plaything of my daughter, Fawn Afraid.

FARLEY (*furiously*). What! (*Strides to GRIZZLY at R.*) Did you say that, you cur?

GRIZZLY. I only said what every one else says. I told

him she followed you all around the range. That's true, ain't it?

FARLEY. True? No, it's the blackest lie that ever passed your lips. (*Strikes him in face with gauntlet.*) There! I reckon you know what that means. At any time, at any spot, at any place! (*DUKE steals up behind FARLEY and is about to stab him in the back.*)

BIG ELK (*catches DUKE'S hand*). No! Big Elk say no.

BUGG (*on run, covers DUKE with rifle*). Hold on thar, Mr. Gambler, you leave 'em alone. They're man to man and the cowboy Sheriff kin lick him inter fits. Leave 'em alone and let 'em fight. I ain't seen a good fight since '89. Farley kin lick him.

YOW KEE (*who has sneaked back of GRIZZLY*). And if he no lickee, I can! (*Kicks GRIZZLY and runs out at R.*)

FARLEY. Grizzly Grimm, I allers thought you was a sneakin' kind of a cur, and now I'm sure of it. Now you listen here, if you ever say one word agin little Fawn Afraid, I'll kill y', like I would a rattler in the dust. There's yer gun (*kicks his revolver toward him*), and there's the road. (*Points to R.*) Now, you hit the trail! Sabe? Hit the trail!

GRIZZLY (*picks up revolver*). You ain't heerd the last of this yet, Mr. Farley Gantt. (*Slinks out at R.*)

DUKE (*at L. C.*). Ah, quite a little romantic proceeding. Is this the way you generally enforce the law down here in Arizona, Mr. Sheriff?

FARLEY (*confronts him*). I dunno who you are, stranger, and I don't much keer, but I want y' to know that I don't like the tone o' yer voice. If you've got anything to say to me, I'm right yere on the spot and I reckon now's jest the time fer you to say it!

DUKE. Oh, I've no quarrel with you. (*Turns and walks to door L.*) Probably we shall meet again, my pugilistic friend. I was only a little surprised at your rather crude method of enforcing the law, that's all. Good morning. (*Laughs and exits in house at L.*)

BUGG (*coming down R.*). Go on and git him, Farley, give him Hail Columbia, Happy Land.

FARLEY (*at L. C.*). Who is he, Hezekiah?

BUGG. Feller by the name of Blackshear. He and his sister have been here a couple of months and there ain't a straight hair in their heads. Crooked clean through. In fact they're jes' about the worst I've seen since '89.

BIG ELK (*comes to R. C.*). Big Elk know Grizzly tell lies about White Lion and Fawn Afraid. (*Extends hand to FARLEY.*) White Lion heap good friend to Big Elk, heap good friend to little Fawn Afraid. White Lion save her life. Navajo chief never forgets. Some day Big Elk pay back White Lion. Until then Navajo chief and White Lion heap good friends. (*Exit up run and off R.*)

FARLEY (*sits at L.*). Where's the boy, Hezekiah?

BUGG (*seated R., smoking corn-cob pipe*). Boy? What boy?

FARLEY. Paul Quillian, my partner Paul.

BUGG. I dunno. Say, you've heerd the news about him, ain't y', Sheriff?

FARLEY. I heard he'd been discharged from the ranch. Buck Pawner told me. Said he'd been hittin' the pace fer the last two months. I don't understand it at all. That ain't like my partner. I'm right worried about him, Bugg.

BUGG. I reckon it's enough to make you worry. He certainly has changed. Why, you wouldn't know him fer the same bright-eyed young feller you left here three months ago. It's all the fault of them Blackshears.

FARLEY. Ah, ha! The man who thought I was neglectin' my duty, hey?

BUGG. Yep, he's the one. He's got the boy right under his thumb. Paul used to be a right good boy, but now he's a reg'lar drunkard. Don't hardly draw a sober breath.

FARLEY. I orter have taken him along with me. But it ain't too late yet. I know him and he knows me and in spite of Blackshear and his sister, in spite of the boy

himself, in spite of all the world, I'll save my partner.
(*Rises.*)

BUGG. You think a heap of him, don't y', Sheriff?

FARLEY. They ain't nothin' on earth I wouldn't do fer Paul Quillian. Why, he saved my life.

BUGG. He did?

FARLEY (*takes C.*). It was when we was up in Alaska together. Eight years ago—the gold fever. There was nine of us in the party. We started out going straight northwest from Canada City. The third day out our Injun guide took the fever and died. Do you understand what that meant to us? We was all alone, eight men from the States, alone, lost in the wilds of Alaska.

BUGG. Lost?

FARLEY (*plaintive music*). Lost—on the Yukon plains—a hundred miles from a human being. It was freezing cold and our supply of food was low. Two other men took the fever. (*Slight pause, FARLEY shakes his head and continues sadly.*) We buried them in the frozen snow. It was awful. We trudged on hour after hour, hour after hour, going God knows where. We were no longer men, we were wolves, wolves fighting for our lives. It was a race with death. Then (*pause, speak with suppressed emotion*) my—turn—came! I caught the fever. I remember where I fell. The others (*pause*) went on and left me.

BUGG. The brutes!

FARLEY. Don't blame 'em, it was a fight for existence. They couldn't stop fer me, if they had they'd a caught the fever. I think I was dying. I lay there on my back looking up at the gray sky and the snow mountains for hours, burning with fever—freezing. For hours—miles away from a human being. Suddenly there was a dark blur above me in the sky. Then another and another. Eagles. The awful buzzard eagle of the great northwest. One brushed against my body—then two flew at my face—I was alone—helpless—dying! Suddenly I heard the music of a rifle shot. The birds flew away wounded. Someone was standing by me fighting them off. I was saved.

BUGG. It was the boy?

FARLEY. It was Paul Quillian. Walked back twelve miles to save me er to die with me. We were all alone that night. He built a fire and fought off death inch by inch. The next day a party of scouts found us, starving, bleeding, fever-stricken, but together. They built a camp there and for a week Paul was down with the fever. I sat by his bed one night and thought the whole thing out. If he'd a died he'd a given up his life fer me, but if he lived (*pause*) "Partners fer life," says I. I thought he was asleep, but he heard me. He kinder reached out and got ahold of my hand. "Partners," says he. "Fer life," says I. (*End music.*)

BUGG. Well, if ever there was a boy needed a partner, he needs one now. This gal Coralie Blackshear's no good and the boy is crazy about her.

FARLEY. I reckon I can straighten it out.

BUGG. You certainly are good to him, Sheriff, but he's powerfully sweet on that gal. (*Rises.*)

FARLEY. Maybe it'll be a tougher job than I think, but (*softly*) he's my partner. (*With determination.*) I'll save him in spite of them.

BUGG (*shakes hands with him*). Farley Gantt, you're pure gold clean through. You remind me of a man I used to know over in Australia in '89. Me and him was partners. I saved his life about seventy times in flood and fire, but he got killed at last. Fell overboard one night and a shark bit him clean in two afore I could say scat. That was in '89.

Enter MRS. BUGG down run.

MRS. B. Hezekiah!

BUGG. Yes, little honeysuckle?

MRS. B. Who you talkin' to? (*Turns.*) Well, if it ain't Farley Gantt? Fer the land o' love! I heard you was comin' today, but didn't look fer you so soon. (*Shakes hands with him.*) You come right up to the ranch house and git a bite to eat. I ain't got much, but I reckon you

could relish some old Indianny buckwheat cakes and sausage, couldn't you?

FARLEY. Could I? I haven't had a square meal since I saw you last, and I'm hollow clean down to my boots.

MRS. B. Well, I reckon Petunia Bugg kin give you a good square meal. (*Starts up run.*) You come along, Hezekiah. I want you to wait on the table. (*Exits R.*)

FARLEY. Come on, Hezekiah, maybe if you're a real good waiter, I'll leave a pancake for you. (*Laughs and exits up run and off R.*)

BUGG. Wait on table, me! I guess not. If she had her way she'd make a reg'lar women folks out'n me. (*On run.*)

Enter YOW KEE from house. He crosses to table and hides the bottle in his blouse during preceding speech.

BUGG. Hello.

YOW KEE (*assumes look of innocence*). Hello.

BUGG (*sits R. of table*). You remind me of a Chinaman I used to know over in Italy in '89, only he had a longer pig-tail 'n you. It was so long he used to use it fer a clothes line to hang his washin' on. But a windstorm come up one day and wrapped it around his throat and it choked him to death. That was in '89. (*Reaches hand out for bottle, looks all around table for it, then on floor, looks at YOW KEE at L., who stands demurely facing front. BUGG looks at him, YOW KEE turns head slowly toward BUGG, looking out of the corner of his eye. He catches BUGG's eye and suddenly straightens out and resumes demure air—same business repeated two or three times.*) There was a bottle on the top of that table a few minutes ago, my Celestial friend.

YOW KEE. Bottlee gone.

BUGG. I reckon it ain't gone very far. It couldn't walk 'cause it didn't have no legs.

YOW KEE. Bottlee no can walkee, no gotee legs.

BUGG. Heathen, hand over that bottle!

YOW KEE (*looks on floor, looks upward and in all absurd*

places). No can see. (*Looks up.*) Bottlee gone sky high. No can see.

BUGG (*goes to him at L.*). Certain you can't see it up there in the sky.

YOW KEE (*looking up, BUGG takes his nose with L. hand, pulls his head down and with R. hand feels for the bottle, YOW KEE dances and jumps as if being tickled*). Oh, you ticklee, you ticklee. No makee tickle, no makee tickle.

BUGG. Here it is. (*Produces bottle. YOW KEE looks at it longingly, rubs stomach and gives vent to a half whine, half sigh.*)

YOW KEE. Yessir, it lookee velly much like bottlee.

BUGG. You said you couldn't see it.

YOW KEE. Under my vest no can see.

MRS. BUGG *appears on run.*

BUGG (*puts bottle to lips*). I'll jest try it.

MRS. B. Hezekiah!

BUGG (*chokes*). Oh, I'm pizened, I'm pizened. (*Puts bottle on table, runs up run R.*) Oh, Petunia, I'm pizened. (*Howls and runs out R.*)

MRS. B. And it serves you right, you old rhinoceros. (*Exit R.*)

YOW KEE (*sticks finger in bottle*). Whisky spoil. No gotee cork. (*Licks finger.*) Tastee velly funny. (*Takes long drink from bottle, gives a loud yell and puts bottle down.*) Oh, oh! Help, help!

Enter YOUNG'UN from R., down run.

YOUNG'UN. What's the matter, chink?

YOW KEE. Poison. Help, help! Me takee drinkee out of bottlee. Oh, oh! (*Groans.*)

YOUNG'UN. By golly, the chink's pizened. He's drunk the furniture polish. (*Rushes into house at L.*)

YOW KEE (*doubles up on floor*). Oh, oh! (*Groans.*)

Enter YOUNG'UN from L. with spoon and seidlitz powder in two papers.

YOUNG'UN (*runs to YOW KEE on floor at C.*). Here's the medicine, chink. Here's the seidlitz powder.

YOW KEE (*groans*). Oh, oh! Medicine! How you takee medicine?

YOUNG'UN. I dunno how you take it. There's two of 'em. Maybe I'd better mix 'em up.

YOW KEE. No, no. Give me one. (*He swallows contents of first package.*) Allee light, feelee heap much better. (*He swallows the other, then takes a drink of water. He begins to froth at the mouth, shrieks and rolls over and over.*) Helpee, helpee!

YOUNG'UN. He's gotta fit, the chink's got a fit! He's got the hydra-dog-bite-me! Help, help! (*Rushes out at R.*)

YOW KEE (*rises and rushes after her*). Helpee, helpee, allee samee fizzle like a fire-cracker. (*Rushes out at R.*)

Plaintive music. Enter from house at L. PAUL QUILLIAN. He comes in slowly, twisting his cap in his hands, his head hung low. He comes to table and slouches in a chair at R. of table. Take plenty of time for this entrance. He rests his head on his arm on table. Enter FARLEY from R. backing down the run and speaking to someone off stage.

FARLEY. I'll be back as soon as I've found my partner. (*At the sound of his voice PAUL rises, but supports himself on chair.*)

PAUL QUILLIAN. Farley! (*Say this when the two men are close together.*)

FARLEY. Paul, boy, is it you? (*Shake hands heartily.*)

PAUL (*turns away toward L., speaks sadly*). I reckon it's what's left of me.

FARLEY (*puts both hands on PAUL's shoulders*). Turn round yere and let me look at you. You look like the ghost of the lad I left here three months ago. (*End music.*)

PAUL (*embarrassed*). I—er—what are you doing back so soon, Farley? You're two days ahead of time.

FARLEY. Well, I heard you was in trouble.

PAUL. Trouble? (*Laughs bitterly.*) That's the right word. It's all been trouble. I'm sick of this place. I'll be glad when I can get away.

FARLEY. You ain't thinkin' about leavin' Purple Dog, are y'? Why, boy, I'm going to buy out Doolittle's Two Star ranch next month and you're to be my range boss.

PAUL. It's too late, Farley. I'm not in any condition to work on the range. Haven't you heard of what I've been doing? (*Crosses to L.*)

FARLEY (*sits on table with foot on chair*). Yes, I heard you've been sowing a crop o' wild oats, lad, but I reckon that's all over now I've come back. A couple of weeks on the range will make a new man of you.

PAUL. You're too good to me. I don't deserve it. I don't, I don't. (*Sits at L. of table, buries face in arms and sobs.*)

FARLEY (*crosses back of table to him*). There, there, boy, don't take on thataway. It don't do no good.

PAUL. I can't stay here in Arizona any longer. I'm going away. I want to see new places, new faces. I'm going to Frisco.

FARLEY. Frisco? What you goin' to do there?

PAUL. Oh, I've got friends. Blackshear's goin' to get me a place.

FARLEY. Blackshear, eh? So you're goin' to Frisco with him?

PAUL. I'm going with his sister. Farley, I'm going to marry her. We're going tonight.

FARLEY. Don't you do it, Paul, boy! You stay here. Stick it out, pard. Take a fresh start, deal yourself a new hand and we'll run the Two Star ranch together.

PAUL. I can't stay. She wants me to come with her and I've got to go. I've got to. I love her, Farley, I love her better than life, better than honor.

FARLEY (*down L. of PAUL*). I hope she is worthy of a good man's love.

PAUL (*rising quickly, hotly*). What do you mean by that?

FARLEY. I mean that you're only a boy. This man Duke Blackshear, is one of the underworld, a sport, a gambler, a criminal. His sister, if she is his sister—

PAUL (*grabs him*). Stop, Farley Gantt. I won't allow you to say one word agin her.

FARLEY (*astonished*). Paul! (*Pronounced pause, PAUL slowly drops his arms from FARLEY.*) Partner! (*Crosses sadly to R.*)

PAUL (*at C.*). Farley! (*Pause.*) I'm sorry. I didn't know what I was doing. I ain't been myself lately. I'm sorry.

Enter DUKE from house at L.

DUKE (*coming down L.*). We've been waiting for you, Quillian. You've been gone a long time.

FARLEY. Duke Blackshear!

DUKE. Ah, my pugilistic friend? Well, Mr. Cowboy Sheriff, I wasn't aware that you knew me.

FARLEY (*crosses to L. and confronts him*). Know you? Yes, I know you, Duke Blackshear, and I know your hang-out in Frisco. I know you're a gambler, a bank robber, a jail bird!

DUKE (*hand on revolver*). It's a lie.

FARLEY (*coolly*). Oh, no it ain't, it's the truth. Now don't you try to draw that gun, er something's liable to happen to you. Paul, boy, is this the man you was goin' away with?

Enter CORALIE BLACKSHEAR from R.

PAUL (*meeting her at R. C.*). Coralie!

FARLEY (*at L. C.*). Is this the lady?

PAUL (*proudly*). This is my future wife.

FARLEY (*sarcastically*). I think we've met before at the Duke's gambling house in Frisco, where there wasn't any need of an introduction. (*Soft music.*) Boy, don't do this thing. Can't you see their game? It's the old, old story of the crafty spider and the poor little fly. Stay here with me, here in old Arizona. I'll make you the boss of my new ranch. Make a fresh start, I'll stand by y', I'll never go back on my partner.

CORALIE BLACKSHEAR (*takes PAUL'S arm*). Paul, come with me.

PAUL. Farley, I've made up my mind. I'm an ungrate-

ful dog after all you've done for me, but I must do as my heart says. I'm off. Good-bye.

FARLEY (*slowly, with an effort*). Then you're really going?

PAUL. Good-bye. (*Exits R. with CORALIE and DUKE, who has crossed to rear R. during the preceding scene.*)

FARLEY (*looking after them, speaks slowly with suppressed emotion*). The old, old story of the spider and the fly. (*Straightens up and speaks with determination.*) But it ain't the end. He's my partner, and I'll watch over him. I'll watch over him.

(*Music swells as the curtain falls slowly.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Same scene as Act I. Lights on full throughout the act. Lively music takes up the curtain. The bottle of furniture polish has been removed from table. Small bench stands down R. with tub and washboard on it. BUGG is discovered at rise of the curtain washing clothes down R. The garments consist of red flannel underclothing, shirts, a child's underclothes, socks, etc. He holds the articles in view of the audience as he washes. MRS. BUGG stands at C. facing him, her arms on her hips.

MRS. B. Ain't you nearly through, Bugg?

BUGG. Yes, pettie, I'm jest about through. It's awful hard work, though. And it ain't dignified fer a man of my standin' in the community to be here washing undergarments and sich.

MRS. B. Ain't dignified, hey? I suppose you'd rather be loafing around the corral. No, sir! I feed you and I feed you good. You got a nice house and a nice wife who supports you in idleness. And now when I ask you to help me a little you say it ain't dignified.

BUGG. This reminds me of the days of '89 when I was over in the Philipppines. I invented a system fer washing,

ironing and delivering clothes. It was a great system. I'd a made a million dollars out of it but my washwoman got jealous and stole my blue prints and I went broke. That was in '89.

MRS. B. Don't you say '89 to me again. I'll bet you was in jail in '89.

BUGG. Now, Petunia, that ain't no way fer you to talk to yer lawfully wedded husband who promised to love, honor and obey you until death do us part. (*Wrings out the last garment.*) There, I reckon the washing is done.

MRS. B. (*takes the clothes*). You bring the tub and the wringer. I ain't goin' to leave it here to get stole. And hurry up, it's nearly four o'clock. (*Exits up run and off R.*)

BUGG (*struggling with tub*). I ain't done so much work since I managed the street-car strike in Des Moines, Ioway, in the fall of '89. Wait fer me, Petunia, and gimme a hand with this yere tub. (*Exits up run and off R., leaving tub down R.*)

Enter PAUL from house at L. He slouches in and sits at the table. He buries his face in arms on table.

YOUNG'UN (*heard off R.*). Here, chick, chick, chick! (*Imitating hen.*) Chick, chick, chickee! (*Appears on run.*) I wonder what's become of my chick, chick, chickee! (*Runs down C.*). She ain't yere. (*Looks all around stage, gets down on hands and knees, crawls under table, sticks her head out and sees PAUL.*) Hello, mister.

PAUL (*looks up but can't see her*). Hello, where are you?

YOUNG'UN (*rolls out from under table, sits on floor*). Here I am, big as life and twicet as handsome.

PAUL. How did you get under there?

YOUNG'UN. Jest dropped out'n a airship.

PAUL. But where did you come from?

YOUNG'UN. The poor-house.

PAUL. The poor-house? You poor little kid!

YOUNG'UN. I'm Young'un. That's what everybody calls me. I been workin' today for Mis' Bugg, but I gotta go back to the poor-house now, and I've lost my Jupiter.

PAUL (*amused*). Lost your what?

YOUNG'UN. Jupiter. She's my little gray speckled hen. And jest as sensible as folks is. You ain't saw nothin' of him, have you?

PAUL. No, I don't think so.

YOUNG'UN. Jupiter don't git much to eat up to the poor-house, so sometimes he takes it inter his head to come down to the ranch-house to git a real good meal.

PAUL. Well, you'd better keep Jupiter away from the hotel. If Yow Kee catches sight of Jupiter we'll have chicken soup for dinner. And it's good-bye, Jupiter.

YOUNG'UN. I know it. That's what I'm huntin' him fer. Jupiter is too good a friend of mine to be made inter soup. I ain't got very many friends, and Jupiter is one of my very bestest ones.

PAUL. You poor little kid!

YOUNG'UN (*rising*). Say, mister, are you a lord?

PAUL. Not so that you can notice it. Why?

YOUNG'UN. 'Cause I saw a book oncet and it had a picture of a lord in it, and he looked jest like you. I bet you're a king, anyhow.

PAUL. I'm not even a deuce. I'm down and out.

YOUNG'UN. Down and out? You? Say, mister, you're kiddin' me, ain't you?

PAUL. Not at all. I've come to the end of my rope, that's all.

YOUNG'UN. Pull the string! That ain't no way to talk, a great big man like you. What would you do if you was me? No father, no mother, no kin-folks, nobody that cares whether I'm livin' er dead. No nothin'. Only the poor-house. And we have bean soup three times a day at the poor-house. Honest, mister, I jest hate beans and whenever I see any growin' in a garden, I jist want er yank 'em all up by the roots. And work, gee! That's all we have to do up thar. Work from sunup to sundown and then only git beans. I work on the range and I kin do more work in a day than any man on the place. And I'm only sixteen.

PAUL. Why don't you run away?

YOUNG'UN. Ain't got no place to run to. I thought maybe somebody down here wanted a hired girl regular, but when they hear I'm from the poor-house it's all off.

PAUL. Here's a quarter for you.

YOUNG'UN. Fer me?

PAUL. Yes, it's pay for the lesson you've taught me.

YOUNG'UN. I ain't taught you nothin'. Why, I don't know nothin'.

PAUL. Yes, you do. You've shown me that some folks are worse off than I am. You've shown me the right way, little girl, and I'm going to take it.

YOUNG'UN (*slaps him on the shoulder*). That's the way to talk. A great big man like you kin go out and work and make a million dollars in a month. Why, if I was you I wouldn't be afraid of nothin'.

PAUL (*rises*). You wouldn't?

YOUNG'UN. I should say not. I'd jest buckle down and win, by heck!

PAUL. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to buckle down and win!

YOUNG'UN. By heck! (*Grasps his hand.*)

PAUL. By heck! (*Shakes hands with her and crosses to run at R.*)

YOUNG'UN. Much obliged fer the two bits.

PAUL. I'd give you more if I had it.

YOUNG'UN. You'll git it. You ain't the kind of a man to set down and holler quit. You're going in the fight to win, ain't you?

PAUL. You bet I am. And I'll never forget you. (*Up run.*)

YOUNG'UN (*smiles bashfully*). I won't forget you, neither.

PAUL. You're the bravest little kid I ever saw. (*Exit R.*)

YOUNG'UN. Ain't he just grand? Gee, I wisht he was my beau. He's the finest feller I ever saw. I'll bet he's a king all right, and don't know it.

Enter GRIZZLY and DUKE from L.

GRIZZLY (*coming C., to YOUNG'UN*). What are you doin' down yere?

YOUNG'UN (*at C.*). Mindin' my own business. (*Sits R. of table.*)

GRIZZLY. What brought you here?

YOUNG'UN (*holds up her two feet*). Them.

GRIZZLY. None of yer sass. Come on over yere, Young'un, and see what I got fer y'.

YOUNG'UN. What is it? (*Takes a slide toward him at L.*)

GRIZZLY. A dime to git a hair ribbon.

YOUNG'UN (*takes another slide*). Let's see.

GRIZZLY (*grabbing her arm*). You gotta gimme a kiss first. (*Pulls her toward him.*)

YOUNG'UN (*slaps him smartly in the face*). There's yer kiss.

GRIZZLY (*starts toward her*). What, you poor-house brat, I'll—

YOUNG'UN (*with her hand under her apron*). Back! I've got a little derringer here in my pocket and it's pinte right at ye, Mr. Grizzly Grimm. Git back! Throw up yer hands. (*He does so and backs to L.*) And you, too, Mr. Tenderfoot! (*DUKE throws up his hands; she backs them to door L.*) My finger's right on it and if you make a move, either of y', I'll blow a hole clean through you. A big hole, too. So big a wild steer could jump through it. Back, back, I say! (*She forces them out at L. through door, then crosses to C., laughs loudly and pulls fan from under apron and fans herself with it.*) Two of the worst men in Arizony licked by a poor-house kid and a paper fan. Hurrah fer the Irish! (*Sits L. C. and laughs.*)

Enter from R. down R. BIG ELK and FAWN AFRAID. BIG ELK stands at rear while FAWN AFRAID comes to YOUNG'UN and touches her on shoulder.

FAWN AFRAID. Pale-face girl!

YOUNG'UN (*gives a scream and falls on her knees, her apron over her head*). Oh, Mr. Grizzly, don't shoot, don't shoot! I didn't mean nothin', I was only in fun.

FAWN. Him no Grizzly. Him my father, Big Elk, Navajo chief. Me, Fawn Afraid.

YOUNG'UN. Fawn Afraid? Is it you? Oh, I thought I was killed entirely by that old Grizzly Grimm. (*Rises and shakes hands with FAWN.*) How!

FAWN. How!

YOUNG'UN. I thought you was up on the reservation.

FAWN. No. Me come here. See White Lion.

YOUNG'UN. You mean the Sheriff?

FAWN. Yes, pale-face name Farley Gantt. Navajo name White Lion. He is my White Lion. Fawn's White Lion.

YOUNG'UN. It's a good name fer him all right, all right. He's the bravest man in Arizony.

FAWN. Yes. Heap, *heap* brave! White Lion save Fawn's life.

YOUNG'UN. He did? Farley Gantt saved your life? How?

FAWN. Many moons back snow on ground deep. Fawn ride pony on range. Ride many, many miles. Norther come quick. Wind heap blow. Much ice and much snow come quick. Fawn's pony fall in snow. Fawn try to find trail, but no can find. Night come. Pony almost dead. All covered over snow and ice. Fawn freeze—so cold, so cold. Then he come—the White Lion—Fawn's White Lion. He take Fawn on pony and ride quick—ride like blue streak lightning to medicine man. Fawn was saved. White Lion save Fawn's life.

BIG ELK (*comes down L.*). Where is White Lion?

YOUNG'UN. He's up at the ranch-house. This is pay-day today and the town is full of cowboys.

BIG ELK. Little Fawn come. We go to ranch-house.

FAWN. Yes. Fawn wants to see White Lion.

BIG ELK. Me draw pay for Navajo braves, then hurry back to tepee. (*Starts up run at R.*)

FAWN. Fawn Afraid like pale-face girl. (*Kisses YOUNG'UN's hand and hurries up run after her father. They exeunt at R.*)

YOUNG'UN. She's a nice little Injun all right, all right. I reckon I'd ruther be a Injun and live in a wigwam with a daddy and a squaw and fifteen er twenty little paposes fer brothers and sisters than just be me livin' alone, the

only kid in the poor-house. Golly, I clean done forgot all about my little Jupiter. (*Runs around stage calling.*) Chick, chick, chickee! (*Runs out at R.*)

Enter YOW KEE from house at L. carrying small hen.

YOW KEE. Me findee little chickee hen. Makee into chickee chop suey heap pretty soon. All right.

Enter YOUNG'UN from R. calling her chicken. YOW KEE hides chicken under his blouse and assumes an innocent look.

YOUNG'UN. Yow Kee, you heathen Chinee, where's my Jupiter?

YOW KEE (*looks up*). No can see. No can see.

YOUNG'UN. I heard him callin' his maw and I know you've got him. Listen, hear him! (*Comes close to YOW KEE and listens, her ear close to his stomach.*) I hear him. You et him! You et him alive! And he's cackling inside of you. Oh, you heathen Chinee! You et my Jupiter.

YOW KEE. No, no. Me no eatee Jupitee.

YOUNG'UN. He's cacklin'. I hear him. I hope he kills you. I hope he lays an egg and chokes you.

YOW KEE (*produces hen*). Allee samee play a joke on little gal.

YOUNG'UN (*grabs hen*). Oh, you poor little Jupiter, come to muzzer. Did you go and get et up by naughty Chinamans? Poor little Jupiter.

YOW KEE (*tries to pet chicken*). Poor lilee Jupitee!

YOUNG'UN (*angrily*). You let him alone. I've got a notion to pull your pig-tail out for taking my Jupiter. (*Grabs his pig-tail.*)

YOW KEE (*screams with pain*). Help, help. (*Rushes out at L., followed by YOUNG'UN.*)

Enter from R. FARLEY and MARGUERITE. They come down the run.

FARLEY. Miss Marguerite, I think if you'll take the boy back as your paymaster you won't have any more trouble with him.

MARGUERITE. But, Farley, he is so weak—

FARLEY. I know Paul's only a boy, he don't hardly know his own mind. It was jest this morning that he told me

he'd decided to go to Frisco and now half an hour ago he comes to see if I'd ask you to give him back his place on the ranch.

MARGUERITE. Quillian has always been a good boy before he began associating with these new people. Today is payday, Farley. I have a thousand dollars at the ranch to pay the men. Do you think I could trust such a large amount to Paul Quillian? (*Seated at L.*)

FARLEY. Yes'm, I think you could. My partner is as honest as they make 'em.

MARGUERITE. I am half inclined to give him another trial.

FARLEY. That's right, miss. Please do, for my sake. Maybe it'll make a man of him to know that you trust him again.

MARGUERITE. Tell him to report to the ranch-house in half an hour. (*Rises.*)

FARLEY. Thank you, miss.

MARGUERITE. What a good friend you've been to him, Farley.

FARLEY. I always try to be a good friend to everybody who *is* my friend.

MARGUERITE. I almost envy young Paul Quillian.

FARLEY. Do you mean that, miss? Do you mean that you'd care fer my friendship, fer my devotion?

MARGUERITE. I am proud to call you friend, Farley. One of my best, one of my truest friends. (*Extends hand.*)

FARLEY (*takes her hand bashfully*). Why, Miss Marguerite, I ain't nothin' but a cowboy——

MARGUERITE (*interrupting*). You are a man, Farley Gantt. A man of whom any girl would be proud.

FARLEY. Miss Marguerite, will you sit down a minute. I want to tell you a little story.

MARGUERITE (*sits at R., looks down*). A story, Farley?

FARLEY (*stands at C., bashfully twisting his hat*). Yes, miss.

FAWN *appears on the run and watches them unseen.*

MARGUERITE. Go on, I'm listening.

FARLEY. I don't hardly know jest how to begin, miss. You see, I've known you so long, miss—

MARGUERITE. Indeed you have. Ever since I first came to Purple Dog, seventeen years ago.

FARLEY. I can remember it like it was yesterday. Can't you?

MARGUERITE (*smiles and shakes her head*). I was only two years old, Farley.

FARLEY. That's right, so you was. It was a big joke on the boys, miss. There wasn't any town here then, nothin' but your father's ranch-house. We all heard that Martin Moore had decided to bring his daughter here and keep house. You see, there weren't no women here in those days and the news kinder startled us.

MARGUERITE. And were you happier without women?

FARLEY. Why, miss, there ain't any happiness without women. You orter seen the boys when they heard your father was bringin' his daughter to live down here. Every man on the range sent to Phoenix to git a biled shirt, and every last one of 'em combed his hair. We was all waitin' right here on this spot, miss, to see the stage drive in from Phoenix. And when it did come there was pistols drawn to see who'd have the honor of openin' the door of the stage fer the young lady we was expectin'. I opened the door and there I saw you; our young lady was two years old.

MARGUERITE (*laughs*). How I must have disappointed you.

FARLEY. Wa'al, I wasn't goin' to let on, so I picked you up and carried you in my arms to your new home, and ever since then (*hesitates, looks around bashfully, puts fingers in strap of L. boot and pulls, speaks in a strained tone*)! oh, I felt like I was in Heaven fer a week after that.

MARGUERITE. Why?

FARLEY. Perhaps it was because my heart went out to you that day.

MARGUERITE. To me, Farley?

FARLEY. Yes, miss, like it never has to any human being before or since, not even to my partner, Paul. You see, miss, I hadn't anyone to love then, not even a dog, and the

thought that you might grow up one day and become my own seemed to sing its way into my heart, miss——

FAWN (*who has been listening in agony during this speech, groans and sinks down on the run*). Oh!

FARLEY (*runs to her*). It's little Fawn Afraid. What is it, gal?

MARGUERITE (*goes to FAWN*). Are you hurt?

FAWN (*rises quickly and speaks harshly*). Don't touch me! Pale-face girl do not touch Navajo maid.

FARLEY. What is it, Fawn? Are you hurt?

FAWN. No hurt. Fawn stumble on hill. Fawn all right now. No hurt. (*To audience*.) Only hurt here (*puts hand on heart*) in heart!

MARGUERITE. Is there anything I can do?

FAWN. No. Pale-face go away. Fawn want to be alone with White Lion. Fawn want to speak to White Lion.

MARGUERITE. Very well, I will go. Tell Paul to come up to the ranch-house right away, Farley. The men are to be paid off in an hour.

FARLEY. Thank you, miss.

MARGUERITE (*on run, near R. entrance*). And you come, too, Farley and tell me the rest of your story. I found it very interesting. (*Exit R.*)

FAWN. White squaw listen to your words, White Lion, but she no love you.

FARLEY. She don't? How do you know that?

FAWN. Fawn Afraid know. White squaw no love you. She love another. Fawn knows. Fawn has seen.

FARLEY. What have you seen, Fawn?

FAWN. Me see pale-face squaw and your partner. He is the man she loves. No you, White Lion, but your partner. The boy you call Paul.

FARLEY (*sinks in chair at R. of table*). Miss Marguerite in love with Paul? Are you sure, Fawn?

FAWN. Indian maid always sure. White squaw speak with crooked tongue to you. (*Kneels beside him*.) Fawn Afraid speak with tongue of love. (*Kisses his hand*.) Fawn Afraid loves White Lion. White Lion save her life. Fawn Afraid die for White Lion.

FARLEY. But I don't want you to die for me, Fawn. You are too young to think of love. Some day, many moons from now maybe you'll see some fine Navajo brave and become his squaw.

FAWN (*rises*). No! Fawn Afraid never marry with Indian brave. Fawn will wait, White Lion. Fawn will wait and watch—and love! (*Backs out at R. gazing at him.*)

FARLEY. In love with my partner, and he wants to go to Frisco with another woman. He must not go. I'll save him, save him for her, even if it means a life of blackness for me. Lost to me, lost to me forever!

Enter BUGG from R.

BUGG. Sheriff, who's going to pay off the men on Miss Marguerite's ranch? They're standin' in line at the ranch-house and they want their money.

FARLEY (*rises*). She's decided to give Paul Quillian another chance.

BUGG. She has, has she? Humph; she must kinder like him, to give him back his job after the way he's acted.

FARLEY. That is her own affair. She told me to send him to her. Where is he?

BUGG. I dunno. Out with that Blackshear gal, I reckon. If I was the boss of her ranch I wouldn't allow no sech foolishness.

FARLEY. When she wants your advice she'll ask it. I'm going to find my partner. (*Exit L. rear.*)

BUGG. So Miss Marguerite's done decided to take young Quillian back as her paymaster. Wa'al, there ain't no tellin' what a gal will do when she takes a notion. She's a fine gal, too. She reminds me of a Turkish lady, one of the king's harem, who fell in love with me when I was a war correspondent in Turkey in '89. Never saw sich women in all my born days. They was all in love with me. The king had 7,212 wives and every last one of 'em wanted me to marry her and bring her to the United States. That was in '89.

Enter YOW KEE from L.

YOW KEE. Bugee, your wife allee time lookee for you.

She lookee in ranch-house, lookee in hotel, lookee on range, allee time lookee fer you.

BUGG. Yes, I kinder surmise she is. But I don't want her to find me.

YOW KEE. Misses Buggee heap big brimstone blue-fire lady all light.

BUGG. That's right. You never said a truer word, heathen. I ain't afraid of my wife, but I don't like to start a argument with her in public. She's a fine woman, Petunia is, but she sure is some arguifier. She was the belle of the whole State of Indianny when I married her in '89. Where is she now, chink?

YOW KEE. Allee samee comee thataway. (*Points to L.*)

BUGG. Then me allee samee go thisaway. (*Points R. and exits R.*)

YOW KEE (*looks after him and laughs*). Poor Bugee, poor little Bugee! Too muchee chin-chin, too muchee wife. (*Starts to enter house at L., recoils.*) Bad man comee, Dukee Blackshear. Dukee no likee poor Chinaman, he kickee stuffee out o' me allee time. Poor Chinaman makee hide under table. Sabe! (*Hides under table.*)

Enter DUKE and CORALIE from house at L.

CORALIE (*speaking as she enters and comes down R.*) I tell you, Duke, I am sick of this place. I don't intend to bury myself in this mud hole any longer. You may do as you please, but I return to Frisco tonight.

DUKE (*sitting carelessly on table*). You know you must be careful, Coralie. It was your impatience that gave the bulls the clue in Salt Lake.

CORALIE (*throws herself in chair at R.*) That's right, blame me, of course, it was all my fault.

DUKE. We must go slow. Now a week or two more—

CORALIE. In this place? Never! It is horrible.

DUKE. It is safe. You know they are scouring the country for us. We're safer in Purple Dog than we would be in China.

CORALIE (*impatently*). Oh, it's safe enough. (*Pauses.*) But what a life to lead. I can't stand it any longer. I won't! (*Rises.*)

DUKE. If we could only make a good haul—

CORALIE (*crosses to him, bends toward him and speaks eagerly*). We can. The kid is going to get his job as paymaster back. Once he gets that thousand dollars in his hands, it will be mine, mine, do you hear, and I'll catch the night train for Frisco.

DUKE. But it's dangerous, Coralie.

CORALIE. Since when have you become so cautious? I'm desperate. I can't stay here any longer.

DUKE (*impatiently*). Oh, why can't you be satisfied? (*Cross to R.*)

CORALIE (*following him*). Because I can't. I tell you this life is killing me. I'm going to get away. At once, do you hear me? At once!

DUKE. I thought you were enjoying yourself here with your little cowboy sweetheart.

CORALIE (*impatiently*). Don't be a fool. I'll be glad when I'm rid of the young simpleton forever. But he's useful to us just now.

DUKE. He's been discharged from the ranch. (*YOW KEE sticks his head out.*)

CORALIE. Yes, but he says the cowboy Sheriff can get him his job back again. The girl who owns the ranch is in love with the Sheriff and will do anything he asks her to. And Paul can twist the Sheriff around his little finger.

DUKE. Just like you have twisted *him*.

CORALIE. The pay-roll of the ranch amounts to a thousand dollars. They will put the money in the boy's hands—

DUKE. And you will take it out?

CORALIE. Precisely. A thousand dollars isn't much, but it will take us back to Frisco and keep us safe a couple of months.

DUKE. But will the boy consent to this?

CORALIE. He'll do anything I say. He's been drinking heavily. Why, if I said the word I believe he'd steal the ranch money if it was necessary.

DUKE (*crosses to table and sits on it*). I'll have to hand it to you, Coralie. It's a great scheme. (*Swings his foot,*

nearly hitting YOW KEE, who dodges to L. and R. each time the foot goes back and forth.)

CORALIE. The kid has seen the Sheriff and he promised to try to get the girl to make him paymaster again.

DUKE. So far, so good! You'd better see the boy and coach him in his part.

Enter GRIZZLY from house at L.

CORALIE (at R.). Be quiet!

DUKE. Grizzly, where's the kid?

GRIZZLY (at L.). Sheriff jest met him and told him to go to the ranch-house. He's got his old job back again.

DUKE. Good. I hope it will make a man of him.

GRIZZLY. I don't understand your game, governor, but I know it's a crooked one, and what I wants to know is where do I come in?

CORALIE. There is no game. I'm sick of all this cow-boy excitement, this cattle stealing does not appeal to me. I'm going back to Frisco tonight. (*Crosses to house at L.*) Duke, send the kid to me just as soon as you can. Tell him it is very important. (*Laughs and exits L.*)

GRIZZLY (at L. C.). Now, what I want to know is this—

DUKE (*on table*). What you want to know is entirely too much. Remember, Grizzly Grimm, that I'm the leader of the band.

GRIZZLY. I ain't disputin' that.

DUKE (*plays with his revolver*). You'd better not. Because if you do this little instrument might fly over your way, and that might hurt you, mightn't it?

GRIZZLY. I don't like to be kep' in the dark.

DUKE. All right, my grizzly friend, I'll put you wise. The little game to be played today doesn't concern us at all. It's between my sister and the kid. They're going to leave tonight and we'll take a little vacation in the Black Hole for a day or two.

GRIZZLY. Why can't we go to Frisco? We've got money enough and rustling cattle ain't safe when Farley Gantt is around.

DUKE (*rolling a cigarette*). Farley Gantt, eh? (*Snaps fingers.*) That for Farley Gantt.

As he snaps fingers some tobacco falls in face of Yow KEE, who sneezes. DUKE and GRIZZLY leap up and point revolvers at him.

GRIZZLY (*drags him out from under table*). The chink, by thunder!

DUKE. Come out, you eavesdropping, yellow dog. I'm going to shoot both ears off your head and then I'll drive a spike through your tongue.

YOW KEE (*trembling, terrified*). No, no. Poor Chinees!

DUKE. So, you've been listening, eh?

YOW KEE. No can hear. Deefee in both ears; no can hear.

DUKE (*to GRIZZLY*). He's heard our plans. He'll blab to the sheriff.

YOW KEE. No blab, no blab; no can talkee. Heap much deaf and dumb.

DUKE. Do you see that knife? (*Flashes knife before YOW KEE'S eyes.*) If you ever breathe one word of what you heard I'll slice you up in little bits and feed you to the hogs.

GRIZZLY. Better put a shot through him right now, cap.

DUKE. And have the whole outfit on our heels. I think I've fixed him. No one else knows our plans. If they miscarry we can only blame him. And he knows what that means.

YOW KEE. No speakee word, dumbes likee oyster.

DUKE (*crosses to L.*). I must let Coralie know. Come on. (*Exit L. in house.*)

GRIZZLY. You'd better not breathe a word, heathen, er it'll be your last hour on earth. (*Exits L.*)

YOW KEE (*gives long sigh of relief*). Poor Yow Kee! Me thought me was going to make a bee-line for Chinees Heaven allee samee top-side quick.

Enter YOUNG'UN from R.

YOUNG'UN. Oh, there you are. Trying to catch my little Jupiter again?

YOW KEE. No, me heap big Chinee. Me spy. No gottee time to catch little chickee. Me know plans of Flisco lady and gambler, Duke Blacky-shear.

YOUNG'UN. What are they going to do, Yow Kee?

YOW KEE. No can tell. Gettee cut up little chop-suey pieces if I tell.

YOUNG'UN. I think you might tell me, Yow Kee. I thought you liked me.

YOW KEE. Yow Kee likee America gal, but no can tell. Heap big plot. Mr. Paul Quillian heap badee boy.

YOUNG'UN. Paul Quillian a bad boy? He ain't either. Tell me what it is, Yow Kee.

YOW KEE. Me tell and me get cut up in little chop-suey pieces.

YOUNG'UN. I think you might tell me, when I like you so much!

YOW KEE. You likee me? Allee samee in love with Yow Kee? (*Puts thumbs under arms, spreads fingers, stalks around.*)

YOUNG'UN. Sure, I'm in love with you. Now go on and tell me about Paul Quillian. You say he's a bad boy, what's he done?

YOW KEE. He not done it. This afternoon he do it. (*Smiles at her.*) You likee Yow Kee. Yow Kee makee mash. Little gal heap nice. You likee mally Yow Kee?

YOUNG'UN. I won't let you speak to me unless you tell me what you know.

YOW KEE. You no tell Glizzy or Blacky-shear?

YOUNG'UN. No, cross my heart, black and blue, hope to die!

YOW KEE. All light, me tell. Paul Quillian allee samee get his job again.

YOUNG'UN. Have they made him paymaster again? Ain't that nice?

YOW KEE. Makee him playmaster. He gettee money one t'ousan' dollar to makee pay for men, but he no pay men. He keepee money, give money to Flisco gal. They gettee money and say good-bye Purple Dog, catchee train to Flisco. Good-bye t'ousan' dollar.

YOUNG'UN. You mean that Paul Quillian is goin' to steal Miss Marguerite's thousand dollars? I don't believe you.

YOW KEE. Allee samee true. Me under table. Hear every word.

Enter FARLEY from L.

YOUNG'UN. Oh, Mr. Gantt, Mr. Gantt! (*Runs to him.*)

FARLEY. Well, what is it, Young'un? Don't knock the breath out of me.

YOUNG'UN. Wait till you hear my news and you won't have nary a breath. Paul Quillian's foolin' you. He ain't going to stay here.

FARLEY. Oh, yes he is. Miss Marguerite's going to make him her paymaster.

YOUNG'UN. It's all a blind. He's going to get the thousand dollars and give it to that Frisco gal, and they're going to leave town tonight.

FARLEY (*grasps her wrist*). Girl, is this true?

YOW KEE. Allee samee true. Yow Kee under table. Yow Kee heard everything.

FARLEY. If Paul Quillian is in this scheme, I'll never call him my partner again. Come, you two, I'll meet him face to face and force the truth from his lips. Come! (*Takes them by arms and hurries off L.*)

Enter MARGUERITE from R. on the run, followed by FAWN.

MARGUERITE. Why are you following me?

FAWN. Fawn Afraid would speak to pale-face squaw.

MARGUERITE (*comes down R. and sits*). Very well. What is it? (*Pause.*) Tell me. Do you want me to do anything for you?

FAWN (*stands proudly at C.*). Fawn Afraid not a beggar. Fawn Afraid not asking favors.

MARGUERITE. What is it, then?

FAWN (*passionately*). Fawn Afraid hate pale-face squaw. You blind the eyes of White Lion for Navajo maid. He no can see but you. All the time, you. Me hate!

MARGUERITE. I don't understand you.

FAWN. You him love, you love White Lion, but you no him get. Him mine! Mine! White Lion belongs to me.

MARGUERITE (*rises*). Why, girl, what do you mean? I am in love with no one.

FAWN. Navajo maid have deep eyes. See far. White Squaw love cowboy Sheriff.

MARGUERITE. Well, what affair is it of yours? You're not his wife!

FAWN. Yes! Him mine! Me his squaw for ever and for ever. (*Crosses to run.*) Him belongs to me. Pale-face take him away from me, I kill! (*Raises knife.*) I kill! (*Runs up run and exits R.*)

MARGUERITE. Have no fear, I would not take another woman's husband. I'll treat him with the contempt he deserves.

Enter FARLEY from L.

FARLEY. Miss Marguerite, I have been looking for you—

MARGUERITE (*coolly*). And now that you have found me?

FARLEY. I want to speak to you about Paul Quillian.

MARGUERITE. It is useless. I have changed my mind. I refuse to take him back in my employ.

Enter BUGG from R. and DUKE and CORALIE from L.

FARLEY. That's just what I was going to tell you to do.

BUGG (*comes down C. between them*). Miss Marguerite, the men is waitin' fer their pay. Who's going to give it to them?

MARGUERITE. You are.

BUGG. Me?

MARGUERITE. I hereby appoint you the paymaster of my ranch, Mr. Bugg.

BUGG. Well, I'll be durned. I ain't been a paymaster since '89.

MARGUERITE (*hands him package of money*). There's the pay-roll and one thousand dollars in bills. I can trust you. (*Crosses to run.*) Pay off the men as soon as possible.

FARLEY. Shall I walk up to the ranch with you?

MARGUERITE. Certainly not, sir. I am able to walk to

the ranch without an escort. You had better find your wife. I think she is waiting for you. (*Exit up run and off R.*)

FARLEY. My wife? What in thunder does she mean by my wife? Here, Miss Marguerite, wait a minute. (*Rushes up run and off R.*)

BUGG. Paymaster, me! A thousand dollars! I ain't had so much money in my hands since I was the president of the Iron Mountain Railroad down in Tennessee in '89. I reckon I gotta go and tell my wife. (*Exit R.*)

Enter DUKE and CORALIE.

DUKE. Follow him, watch him. We must have that thousand dollars.

CORALIE. Where's Paul?

DUKE. Here he comes. I'll keep my eye on the old man. (*Exits R.*)

Enter PAUL from L.

CORALIE. Our scheme has failed. She's appointed Bugg as paymaster.

PAUL. Thank Heaven! At least I shall know that I am not a thief.

CORALIE. And are you willing to let that thousand dollars slip through our fingers? We must have it. We can't get to Frisco without it.

PAUL. You wouldn't steal it from the old man?

CORALIE. I'm desperate, Paul. I can't stay here any longer. We must leave for Frisco tonight, and we must have that money.

PAUL. Hush, he's coming!

CORALIE. You have your knife. One thrust and the money is ours. Quick, we must act at once.

PAUL (*starts back*). No, no, Coralie, don't ask that.

CORALIE. Give me the knife. (*She takes his knife.*) You coward!

PAUL. But Coralie!

CORALIE. Will you get the money for me, or must I do it myself? Sh! He's here. (*They hide up L.*)

Enter BUGG from R. He comes down C. and sits at table.

BUGG. My wife's jest as tickled as a kid at a Sunday School picnic. Actually tried to kiss me, by heck. (*Pause.*) And she hain't tried to kiss me before since '89. A thousand dollars! (*Looks at money, counting it over.*) And me, Hezekiah Bugg, the paymaster of the ranch!

CORALIE and PAUL advance behind BUGG. CORALIE tries to give knife to PAUL and pantomimes for him to stab BUGG. He shrinks back horrified, she pantomimes her scorn, takes knife and slips toward BUGG, who is counting the money. She stabs him in the side just as YOUNG'UN appears on run. BUGG falls to floor. CORALIE drops knife and seizes the money.

PAUL (*horrified*). Great heavens, what have you done?

CORALIE. Quick, the money is ours. We'll steal the fastest ponies on the ranch and get the train for Frisco. (*Puts money under her hat.*)

PAUL and CORALIE start out L. but meet YOW KEE. PAUL catches him and flings him to the floor. YOW KEE screams. YOUNG'UN runs down and kneels beside BUGG.

YOUNG'UN. Help, help, they've killed the paymaster.

(PAUL and CORALIE start to exit L. but are confronted by FARLEY.)

FARLEY. Hold on hyar. What's happened?

Enter all other characters from L. and R.

YOUNG'UN. They've killed the paymaster.

FARLEY. Bugg stabbed? Is he dead, Young'un?

YOUNG'UN. No, sir. He's breathing.

FARLEY. Who did it?

PAUL (*comes to him*). I did it.

FARLEY. You! Paul, it ain't true. Tell me, boy, that it ain't true. You couldn't have done this thing.

CORALIE. He did, I saw him. I swear it. See, there's his knife.

FARLEY (*takes knife, reads name on handle*). Paul Quillian!

BIG ELK. The money all gone!

FARLEY (*straightens up*). This is the hardest job I've ever had to do in my life. I've got to arrest my partner. Paul Quillian, you are my prisoner!

YOUNG'UN (*rises*). Hold on, thar. He ain't the one.

FARLEY. What do you mean?

YOUNG'UN. It was her. She stabbed him. I saw her do it. (*Points to CORALIE, who is at L.*)

CORALIE. It's false!

YOUNG'UN (*confronts her with flaming eyes*). It ain't false. You know it ain't. You stabbed him and you stole the money, and here it is! (*Grabs hat from CORALIE'S head, showing money. She hands money to FARLEY.*)

TABLEAU CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE: FARLEY *arresting* CORALIE. GRIZZLY *tries to interfere from R.* YOW KEE and YOUNG'UN *pull him backward into the tub of water.*

ACT III.

SCENE: *Same as before, two months later. Note: If desired, this act may be played with a kitchen or log cabin interior scene.*

Discovered: MARGUERITE *seated at C., YOUNG'UN kneeling on stump or hassock by her side.*

YOUNG'UN. Miss Marguerite, let's not do any more lessons. I'm so full of book learning now that I'm just about to bust.

MARGUERITE. You have made great improvement in two months, Kittie. I little thought that the wild, harum-scarum little waif from the poor-house would develop into a young lady in such a short time.

YOUNG'UN. I owe it all to you, Miss Marguerite. You're the best friend a poor little nameless waif ever had. How can I ever repay you?

MARGUERITE. By never mentioning it again, Kittie. The day you saved my thousand dollars I decided that I'd give

you a chance, that I'd try to make a young lady of you, and I have never regretted my bargain, even for a moment.

YOUNG'UN. You treat me just like a sister. Up at the poor-house they taught me to read and write, but that was all, and I had to work like a Greaser. Why, you even gave me a name. Nobody ever called me anything but Young'un till I came to live with you. And now I'm Kittie Jones. Isn't that just fine? And I suppose I'll be Kittie Jones for a long, long time. (*Long sigh.*)

MARGUERITE. What do you mean?

YOUNG'UN. I mean that I'll be Kittie Jones until I get married, and that's going to be a long way off.

MARGUERITE. Are you thinking of matrimony, Kittie?

YOUNG'UN. Not very hard, but maybe some day—(*pauses*).

MARGUERITE. I notice young Paul Quillian seems very much interested in you.

YOUNG'UN. Do you really think he likes me? .

MARGUERITE. I'm sure he does. You saved him from going to prison.

YOUNG'UN. But he used to be in love with Coralie Black-shear only two months ago.

MARGUERITE (*smiles*). Many things can happen in two months, Kittie.

YOUNG'UN. I know it. Well, Paul told me that he loved me last night.

MARGUERITE (*astonished*). Kittie!

YOUNG'UN. He did, and he wants me to marry him, but I wouldn't give him an answer. He said men make up their minds in a hurry in Arizona, and I'm sure he doesn't ever think of Coralie any more. We'll never see her again. Oh, Miss Marguerite, wasn't it awful for her. Just think, five years in prison.

MARGUERITE. She was a wicked woman, little Kittie. But we mustn't think about her any more. I think you are too young to let Paul make love to you.

YOUNG'UN. I don't let him. I won't allow it, if you say I mustn't. But I think he's awfully nice. And maybe some day—(*rises*).

MARGUERITE (*puts her arms around her and draws her close*). Kittie, little girl, this is serious. Love must never be treated lightly. It is the most beautiful thing in the world. Love is like a ladder.

YOUNG'UN. A ladder?

MARGUERITE. On the first round you meet, full of life and hope as youth ever is. Next, heart speaks to heart, the old, old story.

YOUNG'UN. The sweetest story ever told. (*Very serious.*)

MARGUERITE. The third round is marriage with blue skies and wedding bells. The sun shines, the flowers bloom and life is one glad sweet song. Then comes motherhood, dear, with all its sweet yearnings and holy affections. Fifth, age creeps on with dim eyes turning back to the sweet memories of the past. (*Sadly.*) And last comes the part we ever dread, but which always overtakes us in the end. Dear, married life is all this and more.

YOUNG'UN. Six rounds and I'm only at the first. (*Long sigh.*) Miss Marguerite, you talk just like the Bible.

PAUL *is heard singing or whistling outside at R.*

MARGUERITE (*rises*). Listen, Paul is coming now.

YOUNG'UN. Yes, I hear him. He's not much of a musician, is he, Miss Marguerite?

MARGUERITE. I'll leave you two together. (*Crosses to L.*) You remember the old saying that two is company—

YOUNG'UN. And three is a whole army. (*MARGUERITE laughs and exits at L.*)

Enter PAUL from R. He comes to YOUNG'UN and takes her hands.

PAUL. Hello, Kittie.

YOUNG'UN. My, how you startled me. I didn't know you were home. I thought you were still out on the range.

PAUL. I came in to meet my partner.

YOUNG'UN. Is Farley Gantt coming today?

PAUL. Yes. I'll certainly be glad to see him. Do you know, Kittie, I think Farley's in love with Miss Marguerite.

YOUNG'UN. Then why don't he tell her so? A girl always likes to be told little things like that.

PAUL. Do they?

YOUNG'UN (*with closed lips, signifying assent*). Um-um! I always do.

PAUL. How many folks told you such a thing?

YOUNG'UN. One or two, maybe more.

PAUL. And what do you generally say when a man tells you he loves you?

YOUNG'UN. Are you asking for information or just for conversation?

PAUL. A little of each, I think.

YOUNG'UN. Then I won't tell you. But you'd better talk to Farley and give him some advice. If he loves Miss Marguerite, you tell him he'd better say so right out, and not beat about the bush.

PAUL. Does she like him?

YOUNG'UN. I don't know. Sometimes I think she does, but she always seems so sad, just like she had a broken heart or the hay fever or something.

PAUL. I don't see how any girl could help loving a man like my partner.

YOUNG'UN. I don't either.

PAUL (*jealously*). Do you love him, Kittie?

YOUNG'UN. You wouldn't care if I did, would you?

PAUL. Yes, I would. I don't want you to care for anyone but me.

YOUNG'UN. And do you really, truly care for me, Paul?

PAUL. Really and truly.

YOUNG'UN. And never think any more of Coralie Black-shear?

PAUL. Never, except with loathing. I was a young fool two months ago, Kittie. I've changed since then.

YOUNG'UN. Yes, you have a little. You're two months older.

PAUL. You promised to give me an answer today. (*Comes close to her chair.*) If you say yes, life will be a garden of flowers, a long, sweet poem.

YOUNG'UN. This isn't a world of poems, Paul, and

flower gardens are all right in their way, but a potato patch makes a bigger hit with me. Now how many years will it take to make a sturdy, steady man out of this happy-go-lucky boy of mine? A man that a girl can look up to and lean on.

PAUL. You can lean on me now.

YOUNG'UN. I don't believe I'm ready to accept the responsibility of a wife. I'm not sure yet that the mischievous little waif will be the proper kind of a wife for years and years to come.

PAUL. How long will you want to get over your childishness?

YOUNG'UN. Would you mind, say, fifteen years?

PAUL. Fifteen? That's all right. I was afraid you'd make it fifty.

YOUNG'UN. Fifteen years seems mighty long. We can allow ourselves a good per cent off for good behavior.

PAUL. I'll go away. I'll leave you to grow, while I make a fortune for us somewhere in the East. Up in Denver or Salt Lake City.

YOUNG'UN. Oh, no, not there. Any place but Salt Lake City.

PAUL. Very well. I must not linger. Duty calls me and I've only got fifteen years to attend to my little matters in. So, good-bye, Kittie, good-bye for fifteen years. (*Goes to rear of stage.*)

YOUNG'UN (*sitting facing front*). Why, he's—(*sees him and smiles*). He wouldn't go. (*Aloud, so he can hear.*) Paul's gone and I'll never see his dimples again. They'll all be wrinkles when he comes back, and he will be fat and bald-headed. (*Rises.*) He was a good boy (*gradually crosses to L.*), not exactly smart, but good. Good for some things. Good to shoo the flies off the table, but he was awfully slow. (*Down L.*)

Enter MRS. BUGG *from rear R.* PAUL *points to* YOUNG'UN, MRS. BUGG *comes down behind her and puts both arms around her waist.* YOUNG'UN *holds up her mouth, then looks and sees* MRS. BUGG.

YOUNG'UN. Oh, it's you? Where's Paul?

MRS. B. (*still holds her waist*). Paul's gone.

YOUNG'UN. Gone without bidding me good-bye! Oh, Mrs. Bugg! (*Cries. MRS. BUGG motions for PAUL to take her place. He does so.*)

MRS. B. (*while exchange is being made*). Now don't you take on fer that critter. I don't think you cared much fer him no-how.

YOUNG'UN (*indignantly*). Not care for Paul? Why, I loved him better than—(*suddenly sees his hands*).

MRS. B. (*close behind PAUL*). Better than what?

YOUNG'UN. Better than the seven-year itch.

(*MRS. BUGG throws up her hands in horror and exits R.*)

PAUL. The time's up.

YOUNG'UN. Not fifteen years.

PAUL. Yes, less ninety-nine per cent for good behavior. (*Kisses her.*)

Enter BUGG from R. He sees them kiss.

BUGG. Gee whillikins! What was that?

PAUL (*at L.*). What was what?

YOUNG'UN (*runs to R.*). Did you hear anything, Mr. Bugg?

BUGG (*at C.*). Hear anything. You bet I did. It sounded like our old heifer pullin' her foot ker-smack out'n the mud. This yere is the all-firedest country on earth fer sparkin'. It actually beats the days of '89. You two young sprouts better go slow. You don't know your own minds yet. Paul, you stick to the range until you larn some sense and earn some money. Young'un, you go on with the flat-iron business a while longer. Never mind straight fronts and false hair and sich fandangoes till you graduate from the frying-pan. You two certainly did astonish me. I ain't been so shocked since I was kissed by the Queen of Egypt at the World's Fair in Chicago in '89.

YOUNG'UN (*runs over and grabs PAUL*). Come on, Paul. We'll go out in the corral and finish where we left off. (*They dance off at R.*)

BUGG. Crazy as a couple of bedbugs; but I was jist that-away myself over in Rooshy in '89.

MRS. B. (*outside R.*). Hezekiah! Hezekiah Bugg!

Enter MRS. BUGG from R.

MRS. B. Oh, there you are.

BUGG. Yes, my angel. (*Goes to L.*)

MRS. B. (*following him*). Shut up! That there Romeo and Juliet business don't go with me. The wood ain't been brought in yet and the stove's got to be cleaned out. And both the children's got to be washed.

BUGG. When I was with Roosyfelt's Rough Riders over in Spain in '89, I didn't have to wash no children. (*Sits at L., puts head on table.*)

MRS. B. Shut up! (*Hits table with broom.*) Don't you dare talk back to me. A pretty life you've lead me and I've been married to you over twenty years.

BUGG. It seems like a hundred and twenty.

MRS. B. (*raises her broom*). What's that?

BUGG. Nothing, nothing at all, my rosebud.

MRS. B. I've supported you in idleness ever since we was married, but I've made up my mind that there's got to be a change. Do you hear?

BUGG. Yes, my precious, I hear.

MRS. B. You'll get to work er you'll get nothing to eat.

BUGG. Work? I'm the greatest worker in the hull State of Arizony. Why I was vice-president of a hand-laundry, the manager of a iron foundry, boss of a automobeel factory and president of a bank up in New Hampshire in '89.

MRS. B. Liar!

BUGG (*rises with dignity*). What's that, madam?

MRS. B. (*facing him*). Liar!

BUGG. See here, madam, I demand the respect due to a husband from his lawful wedded wife.

MRS. B. (*shaking her fist under his nose and backing him toward R.*). There ain't another woman in the State of Arizony who'd put up with such a man. (*Backs him off R. and exits R.*)

Enter FAWN and BIG ELK from L.

BIG ELK. What for you come to ranch-house today?

FAWN. I come to see White Squaw. Must see pale-face girl. Navajo maid have speech with White Squaw.

BIG ELK. Fawn Afraid only child of Big Elk. Big Elk love little Fawn more than gold, more than ponies. Go, speak with White Squaw. Big Elk wait there. (*Points to L. and exits L.*)

FAWN. Indian maid have broken heart. Never care to see sun rise again, never care to see moon set or flowers bloom. All is night, black, black night for Indian maid. Little Fawn with false heart, with lying, crooked tongue.

Enter MARGUERITE from R.

MARGUERITE. Fawn Afraid, you here! (*Starts to exit R.*)

FAWN. No, do not go. Fawn Afraid would speak with pale-face girl.

MARGUERITE (*down R.*). What can you have to say to me?

FAWN. Me have much to say. Fawn Afraid tell you she White Lion's squaw. She lie. She speak with forked tongue, like snake. Feel ashamed now, heap ashamed. Heart burn with shame. Me lie! Me make your heart sad, make heart of White Lion sad. Better Indian maid bear all the pain alone. (*Crosses to MARGUERITE, kneels.*) Pale-face, forgive Indian maid. Fawn Afraid lie. Him no belong to me, me no him squaw. Him no love me. White Lion loves only one woman and it is you! Forgive! Forgive! (*Bows face in hands.*)

MARGUERITE. You mean that Farley Gantt does not love you?

FAWN. Me him love, him love much. Fawn Afraid would die for White Lion, but he loves you. So I, Navajo maid, Fawn Afraid, I too love you.

MARGUERITE. And you tell me this because you love him.

FAWN. Fawn Afraid would give her life to make White Lion happy. (*Rises.*) Me love him, always, always. Till me die, even if he loves million pale-faces. (*Looks at her, then suddenly runs out at L.*)

MARGUERITE. What a strange girl. I am glad she is not his wife. This wild girl of the plains and I, educated in the city, both fall in love with the same man, and such is fate.

Enter FARLEY GANTT from R.

FARLEY. Miss Marguerite!

MARGUERITE. Farley! (*Gives him both her hands.*)

FARLEY. I had to ride in today to make my report. I don't intend to stay.

MARGUERITE. But why not?

FARLEY. Because it is hard for me to get a glimpse of paradise and to know that it must ever be beyond my reach.

MARGUERITE. What do you mean?

FARLEY. I can't explain any more, only I hope you'll be very happy with my partner.

MARGUERITE. Your partner? With Paul Quillian?

FARLEY. Yes, for he's a boy in a million.

MARGUERITE. But I don't want to be happy with him. He's engaged to Kittie Jones.

FARLEY. And you don't care for him?

MARGUERITE. Only as a good, true friend.

FARLEY. But I thought you were in love with Paul, miss.

MARGUERITE. Absurd. But where have you been for the past month, Farley?

FARLEY. Up in the hills. I've been on the trail of Grizzly Grimm and Duke Blackshear. They've been rustling cattle for many weeks, but I don't seem to be able to find them. They're hidden away in the mountains in a place called the Black Hole. It is in the wildest part of the hills and is reached only by a secret passage through the caves.

MARGUERITE. And is Blackshear there?

FARLEY. Yes. He has gathered a band of desperate ruffians together and they defy me. But I'll get them yet.

MARGUERITE. Oh, you must be careful. They might catch you unawares.

FARLEY. And if they did, miss, would it make any difference to you?

MARGUERITE (*slowly, with downcast eyes*). Yes, Farley, it would.

FARLEY. Miss Marguerite, since you've said that it gives me new hope. My heart throbs with unexpected joy. It tells me that some day I might have a chance to enter the paradise I thought was lost to me forever. The world has changed for me. I ride all day with thoughts of you in my heart and when I get to the bunk-house at night I can't sleep thinking of you. Often I go out on the buttes yonder and lie gazing up at the stars, and all that I can see are two, and those are your eyes, and my heart cries out, Marguerite, I love you, love you with my whole heart and soul, and I want you to be my wife.

MARGUERITE. Farley, you are the bravest and noblest man I have ever met. This is the proudest moment of my life. (*He embraces her.*)

Enter YOW KEE from L. with tray of dishes. He sees them.

YOW KEE (*gives a yell, throws up his arms and drops dishes*). Weee! Allee samee movie picture show! Do it again, do it again! Me likee heap much, allee samee picture show.

FARLEY. Come, Miss Marguerite, let's hunt up my partner. I want him to be the first to hear the good news (*Exit up run with MARGUERITE.*)

YOW KEE (*capering with glee*). He kissee her, she kissee he, right smack on lips. Yum, yum! Allee samee heap much kissee. Who dat come?

Enter GRIZZLY from rear L.

GRIZZLY (*levels revolver at YOW KEE*). Throw up yer hands.

YOW KEE (*flings up his hands, then lowers them*). All light.

GRIZZLY. Hands up!

YOW KEE (*looking high up at sky*). Hands up? Up where?

GRIZZLY. Quick, I ain't goin' to fool. (*YOW KEE complies.*) Now, whar's all the boys?

YOW KEE. Allee same ride out on range.

GRIZZLY. Good. Whar's the gal?

YOW KEE. What gal?

GRIZZLY. The boss of the ranch.

YOW KEE. Miss Marg'lete she allee samee up by ranch-house.

GRIZZLY. And whar's that young jail-bird, Paul Quillian?

YOW KEE. Paul Quill'an no jail-bird.

GRIZZLY. You lie! He's a jail-bird and you're another. *(Close to him.)*

YOW KEE. Yow Kee no jail-bird; me no glot wings, no glot tail! *(Turns around to show the truth of this statement to GRIZZLY.)* Only got one tail, pig-tail. *(Seizes his queue and gives it a quick flirt across GRIZZLY'S face.)*

GRIZZLY *(yells and drops revolver)*. Ouch! You've knocked every blamed eye outer me with yer tarnal pig-tail. Ow! *(Puts knuckles in eyes.)*

YOW KEE. Hi! yi! yi! *(Snatches up revolver in both hands and points it at GRIZZLY.)* Hands up, or me shoot. Hi! yi!

GRIZZLY. Tarnation! Ef the dumb critter ain't got my revolver. *(Alarmed.)* Here, y' heathen, be careful of that thing or it'll go off.

YOW KEE. All light, let her go.

GRIZZLY. P'int it the other way. Take keer, I say! *(Tries to get out of range.)*

YOW KEE *(following him in circle around stage, the revolver held in both hands)*. Hands up, jail-bird. Quick! Else me blow gizzard allee full of lat-holes. Hi! yi! yi! *(Fires revolver.)*

GRIZZLY. Help, help, I'm killed! *(Rushes up run and off R.)*

YOW KEE *(capering around)*. Hi! yi! He go so fast allee samee jack rabbit.

Enter BUGG and COWBOYS from R. and L.

BUGG. Who was shot, heathen?

YOW KEE. Me allee samee shootee jack-rabbit. Cook for supper.

BUGG. Cook? Why you can't cook.

YOW KEE. Me good cook! Mmm! Yow Kee cookee blead and fish, and pies. Makee chop suey and yoka-mai, allee same made with lats and mice and little barkee-barkee dogs. (*Runs to door L.*) Me makee good soup. You want to come board with Yow Kee?

BUGG. Not on yer chin whiskers! (*Exit YOW KEE at L.*) I'm goin' to kill that Chinaman some day. And I ain't killed a Chinaman since '89. I had a dispute with one out in Columbus, Ohio, about a laundry bill. He called me a liar and I'll be gin-swiggled if I didn't kill thirteen of 'em before I got shot in the fracas.

Enter FARLEY from R.

FARLEY (*who came on in time to hear BUGG's speech*). That story's all right, Bugg, but the last time you told it the Chinaman was in Kansas City, Missouri, and you killed twenty-two of 'em. (*COWBOYS all laugh.*)

BUGG. I see I ain't appreciated here. But in all the big cities they all know Hezekiah Bugg. Say, Farley, if you go over to the ranch-house I want you to say a few words to my wife. The poor critter imagines I'm going to desert her. Tell her that Hezekiah Bugg will never desert his Petunia as long as she has a roof to cover his head, and a crust of bread to feed his empty stomach. Why, I remember in '89—

FARLEY. Never mind the story, Bugg, I'll tell her. (*Exit R.*)

Enter PAUL from L.

BUGG. The folks here in Purple Dog don't appreciate a gentleman like I am. I was just thinkin' about a quarrel I had with my wife in '89. It was over in London, England. I was giving a lecture in behalf of the Suffragettes and the women followed me around the town by the hundreds, wrote me love letters by the thousand and sent me violets every day. My wife got jealous and brung me to Arizony. That was in '89.

PAUL. '89 was a great year with you, wasn't it, Hezekiah?

BUGG. Wa'al, I was kep' purty tolerably busy between '86 and '91.

Enter FARLEY from R.

FARLEY (*at R.*). It's all right. I told her you wouldn't leave her, and she said she couldn't drive you away with a club.

BUGG. What did she say?

FARLEY. She said she was going to try the ax. (*All laugh.*) Well, I guess I'll go and get a drink.

BUGG. Did you say a drink? Say, Farley, do you know that ef I don't git a drink every morning at ten o'clock my heart don't beat reg'lar.

FARLEY. Well, your heart may not, but you do.

BUGG. What?

FARLEY. Beat regular. (*All laugh.*) But, come on and join me, everybody. This is a great day. (*Cross to L., followed by COWBOYS.*)

BUGG. I'll take jest one, but I dunno what my friend the Methodist preacher would say if he knowed it. (*Exit L. followed by all.*)

Enter DUKE and GRIZZLY from R.

GRIZZLY. The men are all over there in the tavern.

DUKE. Then this is our chance.

GRIZZLY. I don't like this job, governor. Kidnapping full-grown female women ain't exactly in my line.

DUKE. It'll be a bonanza for us. And what a glorious revenge on the cowboy Sheriff.

GRIZZLY. The gal is coming down the hill now.

DUKE. Are the horses ready?

GRIZZLY. Right behind that tree.

DUKE. Then lay low, Grizzly. This is a dangerous game. (*They hide at L.*)

Enter MARGUERITE from R. DUKE meets her as she comes singing down the run.

DUKE. Morning, Miss Moore!

MARGUERITE (*starts back*). Duke Blackshear, you here!

DUKE. Entirely at your service.

(GRIZZLY *slips back of MARGUERITE with shawl.*)

MARGUERITE. Please stand aside and let me pass.

DUKE (*grasps her wrist*). Not yet, my beauty.

GRIZZLY *throws shawl over her head and they carry her out at L. Enter FAWN on run. She sees them.*

FAWN (*calls off R.*). Father, father!

BIG ELK *appears on run.*

BIG ELK. You call? What for?

FAWN. Grizzly and Blackshear steal pale-face squaw. Fawn Afraid take the trail. (*Runs out at L.*)

BIG ELK *rushes to house at L. and exits in. Pause. Then BIG ELK re-enters from L., followed by FARLEY, PAUL and COWBOYS.*

BIG ELK. Ride fast! Take ponies, take horses. Quick! Grizzly and Blackshear steal pale-face.

Enter YOUNG'UN and MRS. BUGG from R.

MRS. B. Marguerite's disappeared.

YOUNG'UN. They've stolen her. Farley, they've stolen her.

BIG ELK. Blackshear have pale-face squaw front saddle. Fawn Afraid follow them. She take the trail. She leave mark for us to follow. Quick! Saddle horse, saddle pony. Take the trail. Kill Grizzly, kill Blackshear! Revenge!

FARLEY. Paul, get my pony, and one for Big Elk and yourself. Boys, we'll have her back agin before night, or I'll kill Duke Blackshear.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE: *A cave in the mountains. The rocky scenery used in the preceding acts may be used to form this cave. Only one entrancé, at L. Stage very dark all through the act. Enter from L. DUKE, GRIZZLY and MARGUERITE. GRIZZLY flings her to R. An old table appears down R. with lantern burning on it.*

MARGUERITE. Where are you taking me?

GRIZZLY. Right where you are. This is the Black Hole.

MARGUERITE. Farley Gantt will make you pay dearly for this outrage.

DUKE (*taking C.*). Farley Gantt will never find the secret entrance to the Black Hole. You are as far from him as you will be in your grave. There is only one entrance to this place and that is known only to my men. Farley Gantt has sought us for months, but here we can laugh in his face. (*Grasps her wrist.*) So Farley Gantt's your sweetheart, is he? Well, here you are to be *my sweetheart*. And if you're not, I'll kill you!

MARGUERITE. Then you'll kill me, Duke Blackshear, for I hate you, I despise you!

DUKE. Oh, you'll change your mind. A few days' starvation will take away your spirit, my beauty. And no one will ever find you here.

FAWN AFRAID *enters from L. and confronts him.* GRIZZLY *at rear.*

FAWN (*with folded arms*). Duke Blackshear lie!

DUKE (*draws revolver*). What are you doing here?

FAWN. Me follow you. Me hate this woman. Me want to see her die.

DUKE. You hate her, eh? And why?

FAWN. She love the White Lion. She steal his love from Fawn Afraid. Indian maid hate her! Fawn Afraid want to see her die!

DUKE. Good! Put up your gun, Grizzly. Fawn, would you kill her if I tell you to?

FAWN. Me kill now. (*Springs at MARGUERITE with knife upraised.*)

DUKE (*after she crosses him, catches her L. wrist and drags her back to C.*). No, you can join us and look after the girl, but don't you harm her unless I bid you. (*MARGUERITE sinks on bench at R.*) I think she's fainted. Injun, look after her. (*FAWN crosses and kneels by MARGUERITE.*)

GRIZZLY (*comes down L.*). Are you goin' to keep both of 'em, governor?

DUKE (*joins him at L.*). Sure. The Injun girl can cook and you can have her for your squaw.

GRIZZLY. Good! But are we goin' to stick to the cave for good now?

DUKE. We'll have to. But we can keep right on rustling the cattle. (*GRIZZLY and DUKE pantomime conversation.*)

FAWN (*to MARGUERITE*). Me Fawn Afraid, me heap good friend to you and to White Lion. Make no sign. If Duke Blackshear turn this way, you fight me, or him kill. Me see you when they stole you. Big Elk, too. Him tell White Lion. They take trail. Soon they get here.

MARGUERITE. Pray Heaven they may not be too late. But how can they find the secret entrance to the cave?

FAWN. Navajo girl wise. She leave marks on the trail. Her father, Big Elk, he see the marks. He follow the trail. Soon he be here.

MARGUERITE. But I thought you hated me.

FAWN (*sadly*). Me no hate. Me love White Lion. White Lion love you. Me save you for White Lion. (*DUKE turns toward them, FAWN sees this and changes her tone, springing toward MARGUERITE and brandishing knife.*) Pale-face quiet, or Fawn will kill!

DUKE. Grizzly, go out and get a powder keg with a fuse in it. If you see anyone coming up the butte throw it down the path and it'll blow them to Kingdom Come. (*Exit GRIZZLY at L.*) Now, Farley Gantt's sweetheart, you will have the first taste of the lips of the man you hate!

(*He grasps her in his arms. She takes his knife from his belt and holds it against his breast.*)

MARGUERITE. Back, you hound, or I will kill you!

DUKE. You're crazy, girl. Drop that knife. We're three to one.

FAWN (*draws her own knife and springs to MARGUERITE'S side*). No, two to one!

DUKE. Grizzly!

Enter GRIZZLY from L. GIRLS stand back to back, knives in R. hands upraised, L. arms back of them encircling each other's waist. They circle around. GRIZZLY levels revolver.

DUKE. Don't shoot. Take their knives away.

GRIZZLY. It's a ticklish job. (*Circles around the girls.*)

DUKE. I'll do it. (*Darts at girls, grabs both their R. arms, holds them straight out while GRIZZLY wrenches knives away from them.*)

GRIZZLY. I got 'em.

DUKE. Tie the Injun to that table. (*Holds MARGUERITE while GRIZZLY drags FAWN to table and ties her.*) She's a traitor and must die a traitor's death. Hold your knife over her and when I say go, drive it to the hilt.

FARLEY, BIG ELK and PAUL rush into cave from L.

FARLEY. Hands up!

(*BIG ELK jumps on GRIZZLY and throws him to floor. FARLEY forces up DUKE's hands. PAUL unties FAWN.*)

BIG ELK. Me kill! (*Starts to stab GRIZZLY.*)

FARLEY. Just a moment. You mustn't do that, Big Elk. I'm the Sheriff of this county and they must have a fair trial. In the name of the State of Arizony I arrest you, Grizzly Grimm and Duke Blackshear. I reckon your little game is up. Big Elk, put the handcuffs on 'em.

DUKE. The game might be up and they might hang me, but I'll kill you first, Farley Gantt. (*Draws revolver quickly and fires at FARLEY GANTT.*)

FAWN. No! (*Springs in front of FARLEY and is shot. She falls C.*)

Enter all other characters, with lights.

FARLEY. The cur, he's killed her. (*MEN drag DUKE and GRIZZLY out at L.*)

BIG ELK (*picks up FAWN and carries her to door L.*). Little Fawn Afraid go happy hunting grounds. Big Elk's heart sad. Fawn was all he had. Now the light has gone out of Fawn's eyes, so has the light gone out of sun for Big Elk. I take her back to tepee—to her people. Fawn Afraid die like an Injun—like a Navajo brave! (*Exits L.*)

FARLEY. Poor little girl. She died for me. Fawn Afraid, the bravest little girl in Arizona.

MARGUERITE (*crosses to him*). She died for us.

FARLEY (*takes her in his arms*). And the light is beginning to shine on a new day, the light of love! (*Embraces her.*)

CURTAIN.

Safety First

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Lighthouse Nan

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 25 Cents

A sea-coast drama, in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. Its intense and human story vibrates with startling incident and heart-gripping situations only relieved by the cleanest comedy. It tells the story of a little uneducated waif, mistreated and overworked but full of merriment and kind, natural sympathy for good. A star rôle for a soubrette, one of the best ever written and ranking with Sand's Fachon, Harte's M'liss. No greater rôle of this type has ever been offered to amateurs. The other parts are almost equally good, leading man, Indian character heavy, dude, old man (gentle) and Ichabod Buzzer, a great part for a character comedian. The ladies' rôles are Nan, the little waif, Moll Buzzer, an old hag, Hortense Enlow, an adventuress who makes good, and Lady Sarah, an aristocratic young woman. The heart of the audience will beat in sympathy with the trials of Nan and rejoice at her ultimate triumph.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—A Carolina lighthouse, 'long about sundown. Injun Jim starts trouble. "I'm an Injun, and an Injun never forgets a wrong!" Nan learns to read. The locket. "That's the face I always dream about. Do you reckon she is my sure-enough mother?" The visitors from the city. Sir Arthur, the speculator. "I never seen a real live speckled-tater afore." Nan goes hunting for a mollen cotontail and catches an Injun. "Stand right whar you are, or I'll blow you clean into Kingdom Come!"

Act II.—Cap'n Buzzer and his mule January. "That 'ere mule gits more'n' more like my wife every day he lives." Nan bap-souses a biddy hen to keep her from setting. Nan poses as a lady, with disastrous results. Ned finds his wild rose. "You talk jest like the Bible." Injun Jim's secret. "I am your father!" The disgrace of Hortense. Mr. Enlow decides to give Nan a chance and send her to school. Injun Jim and Nan, "Hands up, Injun Jim!"

Act III.—Two years later, Mr. Enlow's library on Christmas night. "Either she leaves this house tomorrow, or I leave it!" Nan comes home from boarding school. Ichabod and Moll visit the city. The Cap'n sits on the couch. "Holy mackerel, I thought I set on a cat." "January's got the heavens, old Sukey's got a calf, the old red hen's got ten little chicks and the blacksmith's wife's got twins. Population is shore a-growin'!" All is right at last; with the ringing of Christmas chimes comes peace on earth; good-will to men!

A Watch, a Wallet and a Jack of Spades

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 15 Cents

Comedy; 3 males, 6 females. Time, 40 minutes. **Scene:** A living room. Three famous detectives are engaged to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of a roomer. At intervals a number of his personal belongings are returned by post. The wise sleuths discover bushels of clues that involve everybody and bring about a humorous climax. The case was the invention of an imaginative girl in an attempt to secure material for a mystery play. French, Irish and colored servants help supply the fun. Will appeal to schools as there is no love theme.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Safety First

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	4
Women Who Did, 1 hr. (25c)	17	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3

	M.	F.
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Ilans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Infatigating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1

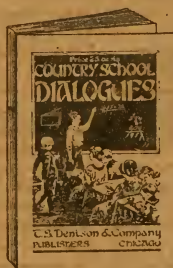
VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darry, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m.	1	1

A great number of
Standard and Amateur Plays
not found here are listed in
Denison's Catalogue

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT

Price, Illustrated Paper Cover



IN this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

A Partial List

DIALOGUES

- All Sorts of Dialogues.
Selected, fine for older pupils.
- Catchy Comic Dialogues.
Very clever; for young people.
- Children's Comic Dialogues.
From six to eleven years of age.
- Country School Dialogues.
Brand new, original.
- Dialogues for District Schools.
For country schools.
- Dialogues from Dickens.
Thirteen selections.
- The Friday Afternoon Dialogues.
Over 50,000 copies sold.
- From Tots to Teens.
Dialogues and recitations.
- Humorous Homespun Dialogues.
For older ones.
- Little People's Plays.
From 7 to 13 years of age.
- Lively Dialogues.
For all ages; mostly humorous.
- Merry Little Dialogues.
Thirty-eight original selections.
- When the Lessons are Over.
Dialogues, drills, plays.
- Wide Awake Dialogues.
Original successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

- Choice Pieces for Little People.
A child's speaker.
- The Comic Entertainer.
Recitations, monologues, dialogues.
- Dialect Readings.
Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.
- The Favorite Speaker.
Choice prose and poetry.
- The Friday Afternoon Speaker.
For pupils of all ages.
- Humorous Monologues.
Particularly for ladies.
- Monologues for Young Folks.
Clever, humorous, original.

Mon
I
Scra
C

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 910 077 7

poetry. 15 Nos., per vol.

DRILLS

- The Best Drill Book.
Very popular drills and marches.
- The Favorite Book of Drills.
Drills that sparkle with originality.
- Little Plays With Drills.
For children from 6 to 11 years.
- The Surprise Drill Book.
Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

- The Boys' Entertainer.
Monologues, dialogues, drills.
- Children's Party Book.
Invitations, decorations, games.
- The Days We Celebrate.
Entertainments for all the holidays.
- Good Things for Christmas.
Recitations, dialogues, drills.
- Good Things for Sunday Schools.
Dialogues, exercises, recitations.
- Good Things for Thanksgiving.
A gem of a book.
- Good Things for Washington
and Lincoln Birthdays.
- Little Folks' Budget.
Easy pieces to speak, songs.
- One Hundred Entertainments.
New parlor diversions, socials.
- Patriotic Celebrations.
Great variety of material.
- Pictured Readings and Tableaux.
Entirely original features.
- Pranks and Pastimes.
Parlor games for children.
- Private Theatricals.
How to put on plays.
- Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes,
Charades, and how to prepare.
- Tableaux and Scenic Readings.
New and novel; for all ages.
- Twinkling Fingers and Sway-
ing Figures. For little tots.
- Yuletide Entertainments.
A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

- Black American Joker.
Minstrels' and end men's gags.
- A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.
Monologues, stump speeches, etc.
- Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.
A merry trip for fun tourists.
- Negro Minstrels.
All about the business.
- The New Jolly Jester.
Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago